The Coupon for the "John Bull" Pen is on page 20.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 559. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 552312

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THERE IS NO BETTER OR SAFER TONIC REMEDY AND NO MORE RELIABLE MEANS OF RESTORING AND MAINTAINING NERVOUS MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH THAN ONE TABLET OF BITRO-PHOSPHATE TAKEN DURING OR IMMEDIATELY AFTER EVERY MEAL.

BITRO-PHOSPHATE

REJUVENATES THE AGED,
GIVES STRENGTH TO THE WEAK,
REPAIRS TISSUE WASTAGE,
CURES INSOMNIA,
LASSITUDE, DEBILITY,
BRAIN FAG, NERVOUSNESS, ETC.

and gives an abundance of

VIM, VIGOUR & VITALITY

to men and women who are weak, "run-down" and "out of sorts."

Chemists everywhere can now supply Bitro-Phosphate tablets in handy pocket flasks containing sufficient tablets for two weeks' continuous treatment

Price 2/6 per flask.

Bitro-Phosphate Tablets

Concentrated Food for the Brain and Nerves

Prepared by:—
International Chemical Co., Ltd.
7, Wybert Street, Munster Square,
LONDON, N.W.

It's as clear as Daylight—

The reason why you can save money by furnishing at the "Midland" is as clear as daylight. The "Midland" control the actual manufacture of what they sell. That cuts out the middleman's profit—a big economy, which enables the "Midland" to keep prices down and so to give you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

You get £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to choose from. No interest is charged if you decide to furnish out of income, on the "Midland" Ideal Terms; no extras of any kind. First and last the plainly-marked prices are all you have to pay—and you've only to compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere to see how much you save.

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actualy taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

10% Discount for Cash

Beautifully finished Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite in Sheraton style, comprising commodious 4 ft. Wardrobe with large drawer: 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Chest; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; 2 cane-seated Chairs and richly inlaid 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead. Complete, **25 Guineas**

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country)

Worth	Per Month
£10...	£0 5 6
20...	0 11 0
30...	0 16 6
40...	1 2 0
50...	1 7 6
100...	2 15 0
200...	5 10 0
500 ..	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

National Service

Join the Industrial Army

A Summons to every man (from 18 to 60) to Volunteer for WAR WORK.

You are asked to-day to enrol in Britain's Industrial Army.

This is a summons of the gravest urgency. There is no time for wondering and waiting. Food *must* be grown. Ships *must* be built. Shells *must* be supplied. These things MUST BE DONE AND YOU MUST HELP.

Nothing whatsoever must stand in the way. Is the Nation's work another's more than yours? Put it to yourself to-day.

To win the war the Fighting Army must have a Working Army behind it. If you enrol NOW you will be doing the most helpful, the most splendid, the most honourable thing that lies in your power.

If you fail, if you delay, if, by your inaction, you prolong the war, many a brave man's life may lie at your door. Which shall it be? Will you say YES or NO? There is no middle course.

What you will be asked to do.

You will be employed on whatever you can do best wherever your assistance is most required.

Are you clever with your hands? Can you work with tools? Are you interested in machinery? Then you can help make Munitions and take the place of an Engineer or Woodworker who has gone to the Front.

Do you love the Open Air? Then enrol to help food production.

If you think you are doing work of National Importance don't let that deter you from enrolling. National Service may want you to go and do the same work elsewhere.

This necessary work must be done—done at once. It's up to you!

You will be paid full standard wages for the work you do. (Special sustenance allowance when necessary.)

What YOU must do now to hasten Victory.

Go to the nearest National Service Office or Post Office for full particulars and Forms.

Go to-day—at once. Every day lost may mean lives lost—lives that you can save. Do not have that on your conscience. You have no excuse if you fail your country NOW in this her critical hour.

Every man from 18 to 60 years of age should volunteer at once.

ENROL TO-DAY

OLD CALABAR

"PECKO" POULTRY MIXTURE
to be given dry during the day.
POULTRY MEALS AND "LAON"
Scalded and served crumbly moist for the warm evening meal.
Samples and Booklet free from the Old Calabar Ration Co., Liverpool.

DAVIS 1d. "MESSAGE" POST CARDS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

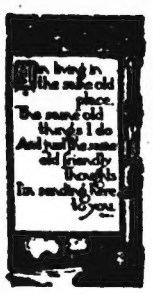
THE well-known popularity of DAVIS 1d. "Message" Post Cards has led certain unscrupulous persons to publish imitations of them. These imitations have neither the "snap" in their wording nor the artistic merit which have caused DAVIS 1d. "Message" Post Cards to be used regularly by everyone having an extensive circle of relatives and friends.

Before the War, nine out of ten of all the Post Cards sold in England bore the words "Printed in Germany" upon them, and German influence is, as we all know, hard to kill.

DAVIS 1d. "MESSAGE" POST CARDS made throughout in Great Britain, are being exhibited at the British Industries Fair held by the Board of Trade in London—the imitations are not.

Make it clear to your stationer when buying Post Cards that you want DAVIS 1d. "MESSAGE" POST CARDS—the cards which save your time, trouble and thought—and make him understand you will buy no others.

To further popularise DAVIS 1d. "MESSAGE" POST CARDS, the Publishers will forward, free of charge, two specimens of their most popular Nos. to all sending one 1d. stamp to cover postage. Mention "John Bull."



When buying Post Cards always look on the address side for the following Trade Mark — the guarantee of DAVIS Quality. Refuse all others.

A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12 FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON EC

SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

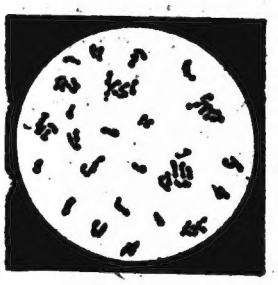
with a crust of bread or a bit of well-browned toast make a satisfying and appetising full course. Appease the hunger and please the palate.

Sold everywhere in 13 varieties:

Tomato, Oxtail, Mulligatawny, Lentil, Kidney, Hare, Mock Turtle, Green Pea, Celery, Pea, Scotch Broth, Onion, White Vegetable.

W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD.,
Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harboro'.

R. & J. HILL LTD LONDON.



This is a photo-micrograph of the Microbes of Diphtheria, of which myriads are to be met with every day. Scientists have recommended as a useful preventive the use of

EVANS' Pastilles

Warning—*See the raised bar. Evans' Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each pastille — which is registered.*

The effective precautionary measure against the Microbes of Catarrh, Influenza, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores **1/3 per tin.**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. 1/3 to the Proprietors for a box—Post Free.

EVANS' SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ld
56, Hanover Street —— Liverpool.

SHORTHAND.

You save a year's study by learning
SLOAN-DUPLOYAN,
the system that achieved the world's reporting record in the House of Commons. Illustrated booklet with lesson, etc., free
SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HDQRS.,
Dept. 32, Ramsgate

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS

PROUT'S DAMP-DEFYING
KEEP YOUR FEET DRY & AVOID COLDS. PREVENTION Is BETTER THAN CURE
Will WATERPROOF SOLETEX and PRESERVE LEATHER BOOTS of all kinds, rendering them impervious to the wet, preventing cold and damp feet; also HARNESS, HOSE, &c. Gold Medal Awarded Franco-British Exhibition. Samples per post, 3d. to 1/6 per box. Of Bootmakers &c.
Regent Works, Graham Rd., Acton **DUBBIN**

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 27.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 559. Week ending Saturday, February 17th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Press.

Never was the power of the press more manifest than it is to-day. It is now the recognised custom for Ministers, before launching any new schemes, to invite newspaper editors to a private conference, and solicit their advice and support. But they still think *they* are running the war!

Brotherly Love.

We read that at the opening of Parliament Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith "walked side by side, chatting together, into the House of Lords." It must have been a pretty sight. Some day, perhaps—we say "perhaps"—one of them may walk in there alone!

Compulsion.

Much as we dislike the word, that is the *only* method in war time; and, as with military service, so shall we come to it in the matter of food rations and war work. A nation "on its honour" is no more practical use than "a nation on its knees"—to quote what Lord Roberts did *not* say.

Our Bill.

So the Bill to deprive the Traitor Princes of their British honours is "being prepared"—six months after Mr. Asquith promised it. No doubt the Attorney-General is very busy just now, so we present him with the draft. Here it is: "Be it enacted, etc., that the persons named in the Schedule to this Act be and they are hereby deprived of all patents of nobility and other titles in the British Peerage." That's all.

Another Surprise.

Apropos of the story recently told us by an eminent K.C. of his surprise at finding a copy of our current issue right away in the Highland wilds, an officer in the Italian Army writes: "I wonder what a shock he would get if he came on the Italian fighting line, in mountain X., well over 8,000 feet high, and found all the recent copies of JOHN BULL"? Here's to our Italian Allies!

Our Meetings.

We have been making a calculation, and find that since the beginning of the year—when we resumed our tour of the provinces—we have been addressing at least twenty thousand people a week. Can any public man beat that?

"No Foresight Yet."

Such was the exclamation of a constituent at the ex-Premier's recent meeting. That Scot knew something.

Too Wicked!

"May I make a suggestion for a patriotic raffle to increase the war funds?" asks a reader. Doesn't he know that all raffles are lotteries, and therefore wicked—by Act of Parliament?

Artful Prohibitionists.

Who is letting the cat out of the bag by calling this agitation for total Prohibition "not a temperance, but a Business Men's movement"? Are any of the principal subscribers to the fund in any way interested in the exploitation of "industrial alcohol"?

"The Lie and the Liar."

The Rev. G. Sinclair, of Dunbar, is still at it, libelling and insulting the Army. In a letter to the local press he has the audacity to say, "Intoxicated soldiers may shoot their fellows at home, *as we know they do*, and in the field, *as we hear they do*." The bounder!

Lord Haldane.

Several "Old Boys" of the Manchester Grammar School write protesting against the action of the Head Master in inviting Lord Haldane—the "Spiritual Homer"—to present the prizes on Speech Day. How *does* his Lordship manage to get his nose in so many public functions?

"Gazetted Out."

How is it, in these days of war, that nearly every copy of the *London Gazette* announces that at least half-a-dozen Subalterns, Captains and Majors have "resigned" their Commissions? Surely if, for any reason—except health or misconduct—they are unable to continue their duties as officers, their services could be used in some other capacity.

War Seal Foundation.

If you want to help Mr. Stoll's excellent scheme for the housing and treatment of disabled soldiers—in connection with which the first series of buildings, fitted with every useful appliance, is now being built at Fulham—don't forget to buy a packet of halfpenny seals and attach them to your envelopes.

More Poaching.

We are growing accustomed to seeing our ideas, one by one, appropriated by newspapers and politicians—but one of the coolest examples is that of Mr. Sidney H. Preston, who, writing to the *Irish Times*, from 27, Chancery Lane, W.C., suggests that the Government should commandeer "the vast sums of unclaimed deposits and accounts in Banks." Wonderful!

Foresight means wisdom. Sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii. of Cover.

The Watch on the Thames.

A few days ago a man left a Swedish steamer, in a fishing boat, and, transferring into a skiff, passed the M.L. Patrol Boat—whence he heard raucous merriment and the strains of a banjo—and landed at Southend pier extension with a heavy bag, which might have, but did not, contain explosives. He walked up the mile and a quarter of pier without meeting a soul, and passed out of the gate free of toll. And yet when "something happens" the authorities wonder!

To Please the Huns.

It is sorry hearing that a British overseer at a camp for Prisoners of War has been dismissed because he made the Huns do the work set for them to do. There appears to be no other ground of complaint against him. He alleges he has done nothing to deserve discharge, except that he has seen to it that the Huns *did* work. Yet they have been allowed to post a report of complaint, with the result stated. While there is yet time, and while all witnesses are on the spot, will the Camp Commandant hold an inquiry, to avert possible injustice?

The Coal Worry.

What can an Editor say—or do—in answer to such a touching appeal as this, from the Kennington district? It is a poor mother who writes: "I want to know if you could get me some coal. I have not had a bit since Friday. Could you get someone to send me a little; children coming from school wants a fire?" Of course they do, and so does mother. We believe one big cause for the shortage in poor neighbourhoods is that greedy people stock more than they need, grabbing sacks that would save many a shivering soul from distress and sickness.

Dirty Work.

We continue to receive complaints of dark and dirty work still being done by the pernicious peacemongers. They are now pushing under doors at night time a "Nursery Rhyme" printed on a postcard. The last lines are in this vein: "The Kings are in the background, Issuing commands, The Queens are in the parlour, Per etiquette's demands, The bankers in the counting house Are busy multiplying; The common people at the Front are doing all the dying." This is quite in the best patriotic style of the von Schnowdenstein—von Ramsay McDonaldbacher gang. They ought to be kicked.

Crime and the Cause.

A man at Blackpool was charged with larceny, and bound over. Some days later he again stole, and got 14 days. If anybody says, "Serve him right, for being twice a thief," let the critic consider this: "The man was bordering on insanity through hunger." Driven nigh mad by starvation, was he sane when he stole? Surely that poor sufferer was not accountable for his misdeeds. In a Christian country it would have been more Christianlike to give him food and put him in the way of work, to keep body and soul together. Penniless, workless, starving; madness, theft—and gaol. What a shocking sequence!

The Bakery

Considering there is a Food Controller about, it is rather remarkable that a concern like the Incorporated Society of Principal Wholesale and Retail Bakers should relegate to themselves the right and authority to fix the price of bread whenever they please and as they please. Of course a reason, or an excuse, or a spoof can always be put up to justify an increase. "It is the extra cost of flour and the smaller yield it is giving," say one firm. What is obvious is that in a "beleaguered city" the price of bread ought not to be fixed by a private trade protection society at any time and for any reason they choose to put forward.

Queer.

Here's a pretty state of things—a pretty how-d'-you do. According to the *Western Mail*—not one of the comic papers, we believe—it is reported that lately one of the Newport Education Authority's sub-committees was attended by one member, "and another by no member, and at the latter 104 cases of non-attendance were dealt with." What puzzles us is who dealt with 'em. Surely not the office cat?

An Impracticable Scheme.

Several readers suggest that every ship of ours should have a few German prisoners on board performing such hard duties as those of stokers—the enemy being informed of the fact. We do not, however, think this would be much of a palliative of the submarine menace, as a "guard" would have to be carried, and the Huns could then say that the vessels were armed and thus infringed the Hague Convention. In addition, before sinking the ships the Germans could, of course, take the prisoners off. We think the measures set out on another page much more promising.

Hands Off!

It seems that, if you don't show your season ticket—or don't possess one, or even if you travel by rail without paying the lawful fare—you are not liable to be "run in" or otherwise rudely handled. You have a legal right to be spoken to politely and asked for your name and address, as quietly as if you had invited the collector to tea. "As the law stands," says Mr. Justice Rowlatt, "there is no power to arrest a person for not having paid his fare." Not for an instant do we suppose that it's any odds either way to any of our readers, but—well, there it is!

Spendthrift Scotsmen.

Scots are supposed to be thrifty, but, when they do throw money away, they do it thoroughly. Bothwell Parish Council has appointed a Registrar, with this extravagant stipulation: "Out of the fees and allowance of £15 10s. per annum, granted by the Council, the party appointed will require to provide a suitable office . . . also nominate and pay an assistant to act for him during absence through illness or otherwise." The man who secured the job is, presumably, gloating over the golden harvest in store for him.

A Terrible Photograph.

Have you seen that terrible picture of a hanging by Huns in Serbia? We hope not, for it breeds nightmare. The newspaper reproducing the photo says it was found on a German officer, killed on the Monastir front last December. It represents Serbian soldiers and civilians who were hanged by the enemy—why, God alone knows. A Bulgar officer is among the onlookers. The poor victims are photographed in a row, each one sacrificed upon a cross. Officers are inspecting their devilish work. It is one of the most awful sights yet prepared, even by German fiends garbed as men.

Sauce for Goose not Sauce for Gander.

An excellent example of the Gilbertian working of the Liquor Control Board's orders is to be found in the county of Bucks. In Aylesbury, a scheduled place, if whisky is sold at a higher strength than 30 under proof—say, at 25—the vendor may have to pay a fine of £100 and undergo six months' hard labour. If, however, he sells at 30 under proof in the neighbouring town of Wendover—a non-scheduled place—he is equally liable to prosecution and subject to the same pains and penalties. In other words, what the Board directs to be done in a scheduled area is a criminal offence in a non-scheduled area. Pity the poor publican!

The little gold-nibbed gem—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 20.

To Bank Officials.

Is there any London bank that has received £10 by cablegram from Australia, during last Noveember, in the name of Mrs. Selby? The sender has written notifying its despatch from N.S.W., but has omitted to specify the bank she sent it to. A lady and her soldier son will be grateful to anyone able to give us news.

A Poser.

A young Welsh lady, 16 years of age, 5ft. 7in. high and in the boot trade, but quite healthy, sends us a stamped addressed envelope in order that we may inform her whether we think that anyone who has nine months' experience should be satisfied with 5s. a week, two meals a day, one hot dinner during the week, and partly manage a shop herself. Perhaps somebody who is buying War Loan out of boot profits will tell her. We are posed.

Longing for Home.

Behind a little advertisement in a Madras newspaper evidently lies a pathetic story. Printed towards the end of last year, it says, pitifully enough: "Gentleman, invalided three months ago from the Army, after nine months in front line trenches in France, has broken down in health again in the East, and would be thankful for any employment to enable him to reach England." Oh, that longing, that craving, for Home! Deeply sincere are we in the hope that the brave, broken-down fighting man is on the homeward trip by now. Somebody in India has surely responded to his heart-cry.

Widows at 14.

Messieurs the Civil Service Commissioners, or one of their young gentlemen so indispensable to the funk-holes of Whitehall, went to sleep and dreamed a dream while drawing up certain Regulations. They concern Examinations for Female Learners in London, for the Post Office; and the result of the dream was that the Civil Servant set down these lines: "The limits of age for this situation are 14 to 16. . . . Candidates must be unmarried or widows." He had dreamed he was in China, where widows of 14 years are known. But was it necessary to insert so stupid a clause in a London examination circular?

Two Cathedral Cities.

Lichfield City Tribunal earns a high place among those "touched with the slows." Exemptions for six months are granted in a batch, "the Military Representative assenting." When an applicant is "unsuccessful," the result is announced in this comic fashion: "The application was refused, but the man will not have to join up until May 23rd"! Truro City Tribunal is in like case. When it fails to grant conditional exemption, it seems to resort to this formula: "May 1st, and reconsider." Perhaps there is something in the air of cathedral cities that breeds this kind of thing. They are often restful, slothful spots.

Beak and Briton.

At Newcastle Police Court a drunken Belgian was charged with striking a woman, an entire stranger, in the mouth, breaking her false teeth. The brute got 14 days for drunkenness and a month for assault. But the Chairman of the Bench remarked, "Respectable women must be protected. If accused had been an Englishman, he would have got three months' imprisonment." It is an amazing doctrine that a man whom we treat as a guest and whom we provide with work and liberty, should also receive special consideration when he acts like a beast. The Chairman's words threaten to punish Englishmen for being English—surely a startling proposition!

"No Children."

In one corner of a Yorkshire newspaper are four advertisements offering situations to married couples; three out of the four contain that unnatural stipulation, "No children." Even a "Cowman-Bailiff and Wife to attend poultry" must be childless, yet undoubtedly little ones ought to be quite in place and welcome in the open countryside. Such thin-blooded, nerveless, sapless advertisers surely can have no notion of the privileges and duties of the married state, or they would never help the nation to its decay by insisting that their servants must be barren.

Sprats and Whitebait.

The newest story about Jack Sprat brings him into the realm of comic opera. Catches have been small; the gales have kept the spratters from going far. So the fishermen asked for permission to fish in the area of the Port of London Authority. It was granted, on condition that all whitebait caught was to be thrown away. Now there is a fleet of whitebait catchers, and they have also had bad luck. One net serves for both sprats and whitebait, but the whitebaters are forbidden to catch sprats. They could have supplied 1,000 bushels, but it was against the regulations. Who said fish and food were scarce?

More "Tally-Ho!"

Though we are at war, the Croome Hunt must have their tally-ho. The conditional certificate granted to Edward Hawtin, Chief Whip of the Hunt, 34, single, and passed for general service, has come up for review before the Worcestershire Appeal Tribunal. "The Tribunal rejected the military appeal, and withdrew the condition that Hawtin should join the Volunteers." While men in the district are being taken from their little businesses, ruined, and turned into soldiers, not a hair of the sacred head of the Chief Whip of the Croome Hunt must be touched. "A-hunting we will go, whatever happens!" cry the members of the Worcestershire Appeal Tribunal.

A Poor Reward.

A glaring illustration of the narrow-mindedness of the autocratic rulers of the medical profession is the case of Dr. Axham, struck off the register for acting as anæsthetist to Mr. H. A. Barker, the famous manipulative surgeon. That Dr. Axham should thus be penalised for rendering painless those operations which have been pronounced by many eminent surgeons and physicians to have resulted in marvellous cures is a crying shame and scandal, and we trust that the result of the raising of the matter in the House of Commons on the Army Estimates will be that Dr. Axham will be recompensed as far as possible for the very scurvy requital which has hitherto been made to him for his services to the suffering public generally and our wounded heroes in particular.

Square Peg in Round Hole.

A staggering appointment is that of Mr. McElroy, late Manager of the Manchester Tramways, to organise shipyard labour. The demarcation of work alone involved requires a lifetime of study and practice—compared with it the running of tramways is child's play. For instance, whoever undertakes it should know that when wood has to be worked, if it is over two inches thick a shipwright must do the job—if under, a joiner. Then he will have to be aware that in certain yards joiners do insulation work, whilst in others it falls to the lot of a shipwright. Again, he must give expert decision upon the rival claims of fitters and engineers, and boiler-makers and angle-smiths, to carry out jobs which fall on the border line. Be the war long or short, Mr. McElroy will look considerably older when it is finished.

You can earn £250 in an evening. See page 28.

More Prophecy!

If the *Amman Valley Chronicle* is a reliable authority, the appointment of a new Lord-Lieutenant for Carmarthenshire is going to be made—*horribile dictu*—"a political job." "Apparently," reflects our sad and sober contemporary, "notwithstanding what the great Horatio says, the Party game is not yet played out." The answer, of course, is that, in the sense intended, "the great Horatio" never said it was, but simply that the whole wretched system was on its last legs, tottering helplessly to its inevitable fall. And this, with his best compliments, "Horatio" repeats!

Another Long, Long Trail.

There's another long, long trail a-winding; this time Birmingham way. The women inspectors in a shell factory work from 8 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., Saturdays 4.30. Their grievance, as they put it before us, is that when they receive their pay on Friday night or Saturday morning they have to go to a Post Office three miles distant to cash the money order. That the tram fares are 4d. is a mere detail beside the fact that the women have to wait in a *queue* sometimes for two hours before they can get their money. Seems a squint-eyed way of doing things.

Brentford Guardians Again.

Brentford Guardians want freezing—at least they ought to be frozen, which is perhaps not quite the same thing. At the time of this testimony, their Scattered Homes at Twickenham, where the poor little kiddies are, have been without coal, and therefore fire, for a fortnight. Neighbours have had to send in scanty supplies of fuel to keep the blood warm enough to course through the children's veins. The Guardians are suspect of saving on the coal in order to invest in War Loan. Our own supposition is that this scandalous state of things is due to the fact that they have grossly neglected to make provision at the Homes for the cold weather.

Jack as Good as his Master.

The Army Ordnance Department at Woolwich is not alone in its peculiar ideas regarding wages. It appears that expert Surveyors are employed to fix the rentals of private property in military occupation, as well as to assess any damage which may be done by the troops, being paid for the work actually less than their clerks—they getting £200 a year, their subordinates 9s. a day and overtime, the total averaging £4 5s. a week. Many of the Surveyors relinquished well-paid posts in civil life, and have saved thousands of pounds of public money—more especially by reducing the extravagant rentals fixed by military authorities in the early days of the war—and the anomaly under which they suffer is naturally galling to them.

Pigs and the Man.

What is one to think of William Edgar Dean, an Eastleigh butcher, who left twenty pigs in a cattle truck for forty hours without food or water? So terrible was their need that "they fought among themselves and so maimed each other that they had to be destroyed." Having regard to the price and scarcity of pigs in the market, and that, to put it at the lowest, cruelty of this kind affects first of all his own pocket, would you say the man was a brute without a heart, or merely a fool without a memory?

Botheration.

At the village of Compton Bishop, in the Cheddar Valley, serious trouble is brewing. The Somerset County Council, it seems, have decided to establish there a little colony of tuberculous children, the Rectory Farm chosen for their accommodation being close to the village school. Hence, panic and confusion. Parents, in terror of infection, threaten to withdraw their children from the school, the School Managers threaten to resign, and the Headmistress begins to pack for fear she should find herself, like Othello, without an occupation. It looks as though the County Council might usefully change their minds.

A Belfast Bounce.

Judging by the agreement which those applying for allotments are asked by the Belfast Garden Plots Association to sign, there will be a painful slump in potato growing in that city. "In the event of your giving me an allotment," it states *inter alia*, "I undertake to cultivate and use the same strictly in accordance with rules of the Association. . . I acknowledge that I am not in any way a tenant of the said allotment, and agree that you may take up possession of it at any time on demand, without any notice to me, or without giving me any compensation." Where do the Belfast Garden Plots Association expect to get their cultivators from? The lunatic asylum?

Some Strachey!

The former London Correspondent of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, now, we presume, safely back in Germany, has been writing about the views of the British Press; and taking Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, of the *Spectator*, as the crowning example of representative public opinion in Britain, he says "Mr. Strachey is no Bottomley, and the *Spectator* is no JOHN BULL"—both of which propositions are demonstrably true. Then we are told that our distinguished brother "is a gentleman mixing on a footing of equality with the first gentleman of the land"—we always thought that the King came before even Mr. Strachey—and that the *Spectator* "is the favourite weekly paper of the upper-middle and the cultured classes." What vulgar people *our* readers must be!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ANDOVER ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, RESPECTABLE PARSON for Housework."

"BOSTON GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—
"Cook-General Wanted; £28; family two; housemaid kept; NO WASHING; SELDOM CHANGE."

"FEATHERED WORLD" (advertisement):—
"MRS. HURT IS HATCHING her famous Anconas now."

"THE BULLETIN" (Lahore, India):—
"After a debate, lasting three days, the Senate rejected the motion approving Mr. Wilson's NOSE."

"EVENING STANDARD" (advertisement):—
"Very comfortable home offered refined young gentlewoman; two ladies in family . . . MAN KEPT; ALL PLEASURES SHARED."

"STAR":—
"'The best people are still wearing THEIR OWN CLOTHES,' said Mr. Williams . . . to a *Star* man to-day."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"That great COMEDIAN, M. Pachmann, was in fine form, playing Mendelssohn and Chopin with exquisite art."

MR. BALFOUR (according to *Daily Mail* report):—
"Unless the great mass of those who stay at home are prepared to assist in the finances of the country . . . it is in vain that NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, in storm and in SUNSHINE, your fleets blockade the enemy."

"IDEAS":—
"A pair of glittering EYES were gazing up at him. Slowly THEY CRAWLED NEARER AND NEARER, stealthily, noiselessly."

"THE UMPIRE":—
"Even under the new restrictions no working man will be called upon to pay more than ½d. A PINT for his beer."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—
"'Speak to me, DON'T SAY THAT SCOUNDREL HAS KILLED YOU.'"

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P.

DEAR MR. SPEAKER,—I am not prepared to accept the Report of your Committee on the Franchise as the last word in electoral wisdom, but it affords striking evidence of the ease with which a harmonious decision can be reached—even upon the most controversial matters—when once Party prejudice is eliminated. Perhaps some day we shall be wise enough to approach the largest questions of public policy in a similar spirit of conciliation and with an honest desire to find the best solution in the interests of all concerned. At any rate I hope so. What do you say to taking a hand in that job?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—As one who has considerable experience of popular crusades, permit me to congratulate you on your success in the art of publicity. Certainly you have proved "some" advertiser of the War Loan; and it will not be your fault if every man and woman does not make a patriotic contribution to it. If I might offer a suggestion to whomsoever it may concern, it would be that there should be a little more—co-ordination I think is the word; so as to avoid one patriotic appeal jostling another in the columns of the press. Still, from all I have seen, going up and down the country, I should not be surprised to read some colossal figures when the result is made known. It should be a great feather in your cap—but then I remember you were a Business man before you were a politician.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. John Hodge, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR MR. HODGE,—You are still indulging in the bad habit of preceding your public statements with the remark which, as I have already informed the Premier, I notice in the speeches of some other of the new Ministers, "I do not think I give away any secret in saying——." It seems to be designed to give impressiveness to the common-place, but if you do not give away any secrets it is superfluous, while if you do it is indiscreet, and from the point of view of the Ministry as a whole may be embarrassing. What I am afraid of is that one of these days you will really be telling us something the Germhuns would like to know. You must take my warning in that light, and in a friendly spirit.

JOHN BULL.

To Rowland Prothero, Esq., M.P., Minister of Agriculture.

DEAR MR. PROTHERO,—It appears that, although you and Lord Devonport are both engaged in seeking a solution of the food problem, you scarcely ever meet each other with a view to the adoption of a common policy; and I am bound to say that it seems to me a most extraordinary position of affairs. It is certainly not my notion of "Business Government," or even of common-sense, and we need seek no further for an explanation of most of the blunders that have arisen. Which of the two of you is responsible for this state of things? In matters of food control, unity of plan and purpose is essential. Get together, do!

JOHN BULL.

To the Secretary, Gas Light and Coke Company.

DEAR SEC.,—Most of the gallant Special Constables on night duty in North London are provided, this bitter weather, with coke fires in their shelters—but that does not concern you; this does. There is one post under their guard (you will know it) for the protection of a large gas main, your Company's property. Now, that shelter is heated by a gas stove, the only one so equipped. All coke fires are free, but, when the Specials wish to warm themselves while guarding your gas, they are obliged to put a penny in the slot before they get any to do the trick with. What could be more absurd—or more unkind? Just send a man round and get that slot-meter shifted and the supply made free. It's your gas they guard; don't make them pay for doing so.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Board of Guardians, Staines.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—By this time I suppose you and your colleagues are aware of the end of the old woman Stone. You recall her, don't you? She lived with her husband in a little cottage at Bedfont, and because they had between them an Old Age Pension of 10s. a week, with 1s. 6d. to pay for rent out of the money, your Board refused to let them go into the Workhouse as they wished, so that they might live and not starve. That refusal was, in the circumstance, callous and cruel, for the case was put before you by your own Relieving Officer, and everyone of you must have known that in these times two people, especially old people who need care and attention, cannot live on 8s. 6d. a week. However, the tragedy of life for one of them is at an end. She just starved out in the cold, poor old thing. "It is quite possible," testified Dr. Newton, "that if she had received more care her life would have been prolonged." And the Board call themselves "Guardians of the Poor." God help the poor of Staines!

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Showers, Acting Chief Constable, Colchester.

DEAR CAPTAIN SHOWERS,—It must have been a real pleasure to you to be able to present so excellent a report at the meeting of the Licensing Magistrates the other day. As you said, "Considering the large number of troops stationed in the town during the year, and the correspondingly large number of friends visiting them, the conduct of licensed premises had been exceptionally good"; and I second the plea of the Mayor (Councillor J. T. Bailey), who, in expressing gratification at your report, added a hope that the restrictions would not be carried any further during the year. With his tribute to the splendid conduct of the troops I cordially agree. Pumpuritans like to paint fancy pictures which are as untrue as they are ugly. *You* paint the true picture.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieutenant Carter, Military Representative, Middlesex Tribunal.

DEAR SIR,—As you are not fighting, only talking, you might keep the military ardour of your mouth within bounds of decency. It is at least a question, to be discussed with sympathy, whether a widower with ten children, "and nobody except himself to look after them," is more useful to the nation in the Army than in the ranks of labour at home. As Mr. H. Nield, M.P., the Chairman of the Tribunal to which you are attached, put it to the representative of the man in the case, "I have no doubt that a man with ten children will create a great deal of sympathy." Your comment upon that was, "If a man has thirty children, being a general service man, the Army will claim him." If you have not the feelings of a man, do not at any rate bray with the irresponsibility of an ass.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Lockwood, M.P., Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, House of Commons.

DEAR COLONEL,—Though I have precious little sympathy with the rabid and raving pumpuritans, as you know, I am certainly at one with Mr. Tom Wing, M.P., in his desire that the House of Commons should conform to existing drink regulations. I so expressed myself to you at an early stage of the Uncontrolled Board's activities. For Members of Parliament to retain for themselves in the bars and refreshment-rooms of the House of Commons the advantages of a club and a pub at hours during which they have closed clubs and pubs to everybody else has all the air of cynical hypocrisy and all the effect of flagrant hocus-pocus.

JOHN BULL.

To the Head Master of Eton.

DEAR HEAD,—Every little helps, and until we have a Food *Dictator*, the step you have taken in ordering all your boys to act up to the war ration scheme is highly commendable. I see, too, that the "Tuck" shops have been requested not to serve greedy youngsters anxious to supplement the economy scheme, and that the boys have been asked to cut down their tailors' bills to the lowest limit; but they are glad that you have not suggested any curtailment in the length of the Eton jacket—that would be a real hardship this cold weather, wouldn't it? My regards to all the boys.

JOHN BULL.

HOW TO STOP THE U-BOATS.

PRACTICAL REMEDIES FOR DEALING WITH THE SUBMAR'NE MENACE.

THE submarine menace is much more dangerous than is dreamt of by the ordinary individual. The sinister craft is not now the frail thing it was even a few months ago. The new German U-boat possesses a top whaleback deck, covered with about three-quarters of an inch of steel plating which is impervious to any but a good-sized shell; it is, too, fitted with a gun which has an effective range of two to three miles. In these circumstances, it is practically useless to tackle the new type of boat with anything less than a 4.7 gun, which will outrange it. The Admiralty should get to work at once and place some such weapon *forward* on as many vessels as they can—those placed aft may be better than none at all, but every practical sailor will agree that the forward position gives more than double the protection. There is now no objection to this on the score of such armament being beyond the limit permitted for defence, as America—even before her recent break with Germany—had announced that she would allow ships so fitted all the rights of non-combatants, including the use of her ports. This plan, and the refusal by Neutrals of supplies to the U-boats, are the only two methods by which the murderous attacks upon our merchant and hospital ships can be speedily and effectually stopped. It is, too, a very great pity that the recommendation of the International Convention—made after the *Titanic* disaster—that every vessel carrying over fifty persons should be bound to be fitted with wireless, was not made law, and that the Board of Trade have thus no power to enforce such a rule. Another precaution, which JOHN BULL has repeatedly advocated, for the saving of life at sea is that all passenger vessels should also be fitted with an independent emergency petrol-driven generator, placed on the top bridge, to work the wireless, emergency lights being installed in case the ordinary dynamo, which is generally placed below, breaks down—as it is likely to do should the ship be flooded. What deplorable results have followed the neglect of these precautions is shown in the story of the loss of the *Laurentic*. It appears that the Captain of this fine liner tried to send a wireless call for help, but found that "it could not be done owing to the explosion in the engine-room." He was, however, able to walk round the vessel for forty-five minutes after she was torpedoed, and although she lay close to shore, owing to her not having an emergency wireless set, he was unable to make known her desperate condition. The poor people on board had to take to the boats and were not rescued for 23 hours—when some had been frozen to death. Surely it is time that at least every vessel carrying troops or passengers should be compelled to be fitted with this very inexpensive and simple emergency wireless set.

More Protection Wanted.

Captains of vessels carrying foodstuffs to this country are, however, not behind in their demand for the protection afforded by wireless, as by its means they are, of course, kept fully in touch with what is taking place both in their immediate vicinity and in practically every part of the globe. One Master complains bitterly that, recently arriving from a South American port, although he was running on the course laid down for him by the Admiralty in their instructions he saw no patrol boat and received no help in response to his S.O.S. call, despite the fact that he was torpedoed but 48 miles off the English coast. The crew had already been compelled to take to the boats before the patrol turned up. Surely a number of patrols of the M.L. class, of which we hear so much, could be spared to assist vessels arriving off the coasts. If the weather compels them to run in for shelter at night—as is now frequently the case—could not torpedo-boats be spared as escort to these ships, especially those conveying food or munitions? The men of the mercantile marine have shown noble devotion, but some of them are beginning to ask whether all possible is being done to protect them—they have an uneasy feeling that they are left to shift for themselves or placed at the mercy of the novice in marine matters. We would suggest that the Government should collect together in the Canaries a number of vessels bound from the South American ports with meat or grain, protect them whilst there, and then convoy them home with one or two armed cruisers or torpedo boats. This plan would be likely to be the means of saving many valuable cargoes, ships and lives.

The Tonnage Shortage.

There is, too, a way of overcoming to a large extent the shortage of tonnage, and one which could be quickly put into operation if left in the hands of thoroughly practical men, unhampered by Admiralty red-tape—it should certainly not be delegated to any of the highly-paid and ill-informed fancy "Consulting Engineers" usually employed by Government departments. The idea is not in all respects entirely new, it having been tried with success in one large American-controlled business. At the present time the Anglo-American Oil Company possess large tank barges, constructed to carry 10,000 tons of bulk oil, which are towed across from America astern of a steamer also loaded with about the same quantity of liquid fuel. Both the barges and the steamers are equipped with compensating towing gear, of a special kind, which has been proved most efficacious, as this towage across the Atlantic has been in operation for some years without serious mishap. The barges are, of course, mere simple hulls, and could be easily constructed and equipped ready for sea at any shipyard in three or four months. There is really no great shortage of labour in the ironworkers' trades—the pinch is on the engineering side—and therefore the building of dozens of these craft could be immediately commenced without delaying the present shipyard work; plates and angles are easily obtainable. These vessels could be towed astern of any of the larger class of good-powered semi-tramp steamers, and would prolong the voyage to a very slight extent only. On arrival at the nearest home port—say Queenstown—they could be dropped, tugs taking them wherever required, the towing steamer with her full cargo proceeding to any other destination. As regards protection, a gun could be readily mounted on the centre of such a barge, the all-round range being a great asset. The fine weather is coming shortly, and if our Powers That Be will but take this matter in hand at once, in four months they could have a fleet of fifty 10,000 ton barges ready to leave for North America to fetch over half-a-million tons of any class of cargo required. We do not see why such barges should not be able even to bring meat and other commodities from the Argentine and American ports generally—the weather conditions on this passage are usually more favourable than those on the voyage from North America. We make this suggestion to the new Business Ministers with great confidence, feeling that its adoption would be a very important step towards the immediate replacement of a great part of the tonnage which has been lost and the need of which we are at present feeling so much. To meet at once the ordinary official plea that when reforms or new methods are brought forward they are unworkable, we may say that we can place the authorities in touch with practical men who would carry out the scheme without delay.

TO THE DEATH!

JOHN BULL AND THE PRUSSIAN DEVIL-FISH.

WONDERFUL WOMAN.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE MAINTAINS THE EMPIRE.

By A. G. Hales.

THE real glory of a nation is revealed by the capacity of its women to bear misfortune uncomplainingly. This is one of the great lessons of history. The women of Sparta who told their sons to return from battle victorious or to come home borne upon their shields—victors or dead men—voiced the spirit of womanhood throughout the ages. That spirit is alive to-day in the British Empire; it may speak with a less militant voice, but it is with us in 1917, strong unto death. And it is well for us that it is so; for the women are a nation's soul. There is not a man of ours fighting by land or sea whose highest ideals are not bound up in some one woman. Mother, wife, sweetheart or sister—at the back of each warrior's mind, or deep down in his gallant heart, there is one such woman, and to each individual fighter that one woman stands for all that is worth living or dying for. Will Carleton, the farmer-poet of America, transposed that sentiment into the words of a seer when he wrote:

Below or above some woman's love,
How little on earth we find.

The phraseology of the American is homely; the truth he expresses is eternal. The love of woman is not, and never has been glorified sensualism amongst great peoples—it springs from a nobler source, and reaches upwards to more glorious heights. He who never loved a woman never knew the real inner meaning of true patriotism; the greater the woman-lover, the truer the patriot—for, to a real man, woman stands for home, and all that home conveys in fact and by suggestion—the cradle-rocking by the fireside; the grey-haired mother patiently awaiting a wanderer's return; a dainty vestal listening for the postman's footfall—each lives and keeps the spirit of patriotism alive in some fighting soul, each is a living symbol of all that is good, great and desirable. The woman's influence, like a subtle essence, permeates our world and turns the erstwhile simple citizen into a Paladin. Beneath that influence dynasties builded on blood and bayonets will crumble like trench embankments in the grip of dissolving snow.

The Strong, Silent Women.

From the first moments of war our women have been very noble, taking them all in all; they have carried their burdens uncomplainingly, even when the iron was in their souls. So will they be to the end—whether the end be near or afar off, whether we reach it by the high road of the seas, with our fleet thundering gun to gun against the enemy ships of war, or whether our soldiers bring it to us midst the blaze of battle with steel crossing steel and the red rain falling in torrents on foreign soil; or whether the end is found to be along the bitter path of famine which is our foe's aim and intent. Whichever way the ending comes, the noble steadfastness of our women will make them equal to the burden of the cross they have to bear; they will not faint by the way—they have already proved their metal. There is not a thing that each and all of the Governments in this country since the farewell to peace have asked of them that they have not acceded to without demur. They have made no noise; they have caused no fuss; they have just lined up and walked in the appointed paths, and walked cheerfully. Throwing flowers at people is no pastime of mine, but the Empire's womanhood has earned my few poor floral tributes. It has been great, and it does not seem to know it. But most men do—men who are worth while. Most of all, I think I admire the strong, silent women who keep the home fires burning; the women who have had to lay aside many of the little comforts and luxuries of a former existence, and pay the rent, keep the kiddies tidy, dress themselves neatly and nicely so as to remain a credit to the man whose name they bear, and foot the grocer's and the baker's and butcher's bills on a soldier's pay or a sailor's wage—and all the time keep smiling. There are tens of thousands of such women to-day within our far-flung Empire, and the men who are away battling with the foe may like to hear that their women-folk are as great as they themselves are—they are worthy to be the wives of men who are fighting for the freedom of the world, worthy to be the mothers of the children of the men who have gone forth to face death and wounds, cold, hardship and privation. They have felt the pinch of the times—make no mistake about that. Many a pillow has been wet with tears o' nights; many a sob from an aching heart has been strangled lest the kiddies should know; but the big souls have shone from brave eyes in the morning, and the daily drudgery has been gone through uncomplainingly—bravely—patriotically. Any man can be brave in a crisis; but it takes a woman—and a woman at her best—to be brave through monotonous months with no loved voice to applaud, no endearing word to stimulate and encourage.

The Wild and Woolly Cranks.

We have had all through the course of the war's progress an army of cranks of all three sexes—for there are three sexes in cranks, no matter what scientists may say to the contrary. And all of them have sharpened their teeth on the women of Empire, and have succeeded in giving many a brave fellow in the fighting line the heart-ache. The crank is neither dog nor devil; it cannot be starved, for it lives mainly upon its foul and fœtid imaginings. It is best dealt with as the women who keep the home fires burning have dealt with it—in silent contempt. This fact remains, in spite of the cranks—our ammunition works would long ago have come to a standstill for the want of labour if it had not been for the women. Agriculture would be in a far more parlous condition than at present but for woman's voluntary labour. Nearly every industry in the Empire would have been heavily handicapped but for woman's self-sacrifice. And this can be proven to the hilt by statistics—that had all the female labour so freely offered been utilised at the time, much of the trouble that has overtaken us would have been obviated. From one census paper I learn that two million six hundred thousand women and girls offered themselves for service, and that less than a million were utilised. Had the other one million six hundred thousand been taken—as they should have been taken, with few exceptions—things would have been much easier for us as a people in war-time. Now the authorities are frantically appealing to the very women they passed by so contemptuously!

"Men Must Work and Women Weep."

That was the poet's version in the somewhat lackadaisical Victorian Era; to-day our women do not weep—they are too sensible—they work and help the male workers and fighters. And their efforts are going to go a long, long way towards winning the war; they *are* winning the war—they are earning money, and money is as essential to successful war as ammunition. Every wage-earning woman is a valuable national asset—she's a wealth producer, a honey-maker in the hive, not a drone. She does not want to "wear the breeches" either now or after the war—she's not such a consummate fool as that. She knows that her greatest asset in the battle of life is her femininity; and the more truly feminine she is, the stronger she is. God has given us many blessings, but our greatest is our women!

THE INDIA OFFICE HUN.

LINCOLN'S M.P.'S CURIOUS DEFENCE.

Some curious correspondence between Mr. C. Roberts, M.P., and a constituent reminds us to ask again whether Professor Ethé is still in the employ of the India Office. The correspondence arose out of the somewhat severe handling to which we submitted Mr. Roberts on the occasion of his defence of that dear old Hun in the House of Commons; "a simulation of truth about as near to a lie as he could get without violating his official conscience—inartistic unveracity carried to the extreme of incredibility" was how we described it. Every statement we made in our criticism of the excessively friendly attitude of Mr. Roberts towards this priceless and indispensable Germhun scholar, working for the India Office and paid out of British taxes by the Government of which Mr. Roberts was an Under-Secretary, was based on and justified by Mr. Roberts' speech, as reported, and the scathing remarks made about it by members of the House. Nevertheless, in this correspondence the M.P. for Lincoln actually ventures to assert that our attack on him, in an affair into which he rushed where angels might fear to tread, was inspired by the fact that we have been an old enemy of his since the days when we were in the House of Commons. That is not only not true, but it is silly, because Sir Henry Dalziel, Mr. Handel Booth, Sir Richard Cooper, Lord Winterton, and Sir Frederick Banbury all roasted him to cinders for his audacious reservations and dissimulations in defence of Professor Ethé, and there is no reason to suppose that they bear any enmity towards him. Certainly we do not. But it is not seemly that Under-Secretaries, or ex-Under-Secretaries, however exalted they may be in their own estimation, should in the course of a war with the barbarous and infamous Hun defend by every plausibility they can think of the paid employment by the Government of an enemy of his country who, though he may be a saint, is indubitably a Germhun.

STARK JUSTICE.

JURY'S MERCIFUL RECOMMENDATION IGNORED.

There are no more painful cases in the whole realm of criminal law than those in which an unmarried mother is charged with the murder of an unwanted child. It was in these distressing circumstances that a domestic servant named Annie Motson, a girl of 19, recently appeared before Mr. Justice Rowlatt, at the Lincolnshire Assizes, to answer the capital charge. There were not wanting witnesses to prove the girl's "irreproachable character"—no criminal charge of any kind had ever been preferred against her; but she was young and inexperienced, and having been cruelly betrayed, she had madly destroyed the living token of her shame. All this and much more was ably represented to the judge and jury by counsel retained for the defence. There was a possibility, it was argued, that the death of the child was accidental—that the mother, at any rate, had no deliberate intention to destroy its life. To this merciful view the jury were inclined, and they finally returned a verdict of manslaughter—with a strong recommendation to mercy. Then came the Judge's opportunity—an opportunity to blend justice with mercy, to temper correction with pity. The poor girl had already had a terrible lesson. Suspense of mind, public disgrace, remorse and shame had already combined to make up a cruel load of punishment for this child, not yet out of her 'teens. A few months' detention, even a period of strict probation, might surely have completed her atonement. Mr. Justice Rowlatt thought otherwise. Five years' penal servitude was his stinging sentence for a crime which the jury had seen fit to reduce to manslaughter, coupling this lesser verdict with an appeal to the mercy of the Bench. However, it is not unlikely that an application may be made to the Home Secretary for a respite of sentence, the sad facts of the case affording ground for the prompt and effective exercise of the prerogative of the Crown.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

The "winter of our discontent"
To "glorious summer" soon will turn;
In it we see an omen, sent
That one and all may wisely learn.

To do his duty each has tried—
The love of country binds them all—
In days to come they'll think with pride
How they responded to the call.

The blood-mad beast now runs amok—
No deed's too dreadful for his hate;
But even his own "Master's" luck
Won't long postpone his awful fate.

For King and Country, everyone
Ranges himself on duty's side,
In haste to beat the filthy Hun
And avenge those who nobly died.

Behind Woodrow stands Uncle Sam,
Eager to show that, at the core,
The Yank is, after all, a man—
And of insults will stand no more.

The great Loan's drawing to an end;
Of Victory's dawn we see the glow—
Who to his country would not lend
To speed the downfall of the foe?

A FOUL INSULT.

THEATRICAL MANAGER'S OUTRAGEOUS SUGGESTION.

Before the Gloucester City Tribunal, a theatrical manager, whose name was not disclosed, having already received six months' exemption, applied for an extension, and we are sorry to say it was granted, until June 30th. We hope to make plain the reason for our regret. The manager thought the actresses employed by him would have difficulty in finding other employment if he had to go. He said, "They are mostly ladies with me—girls." Mr. Hutton, military representative: "And I suppose you know that there are a large number of women who are now doing national work?" Applicant: "I know there are plenty out of work. I know plenty are getting 15s. or 16s. a week in munition works. I don't think you would ask ladies to take 15s. or 16s. a week. I think Leicester Square or Piccadilly Circus would be preferable." Mr. Hutton: "You say so?" Applicant: "I think so." Mr. Hutton: "If that is the sort of view this applicant takes, I suggest that his judgment is not one upon which the Tribunal would place much reliance." But, unfortunately, the Tribunal did bow to that person's judgment, with the result stated. For the sake of decency, they should have denied him one moment's grace. The insult was terrible to the ladies of his own company, but to munition girls it was far worse. The man dared to stand up in Court and say that life on the streets was preferable to work for the nation. We fling the foul lie in his face. Our regret is that the name of the man was not mentioned, so we are unable to print it. But it must be known to the theatrical profession, and we hope other managers will note the opinion expressed by this brother-manager of theirs. Munition girls, toiling devotedly, must shrink in horror at the utterance of so vile a thought. Such insolent advice merited stern rebuke from the Court before which it was proffered, but it seems to have been received in silence. We shall be much surprised if the person concerned can find one decent man to share his sentiments.

A FIFTEEN-PENNY FRAUD.

THERE'S A PICTURE (POSTCARD) FOR YOU!

The following advertisement has been appearing in a Sunday newspaper:

> Penny Bazaar Goods. Penny Bazaar Novelties. 3 dozen Sample. Post free, 1s. 3d.; gross, 4s. 9d.—Supply Co., 112, Angel Road, Edmonton, London.

A poor soldier's wife who had "put away a few pence every week to get something for the children's stockings at Christmas, which their father always did when he was at home," sent the 1s. 3d. In return for the money—representing so much sacrifice on the altar of love—came 36 postcards bearing pictures of ocean liners! We pity any small bazaar keeper who fell into the trap, thinking he could dispose of the articles at a penny each. For one thing, the goods are sent under cover of a folded piece of cardboard, which affords such insufficient protection that a third of the cards are so badly dog-eared as to be unsaleable. For another, these cards—which, of course, appeal to a very limited section of the community—may be obtained at retail stationers' shops for a penny a dozen! We think such gross impositions upon the poor should be penalised by a Defence of the Realm regulation—surely it cannot be in the national interest that soldiers wives and other deserving people can obtain no redress when they are induced by false representations to give 1s. 3d. for what can be obtained for a fifth of that sum. Alternatively, we suggest that the re-organised Board of Trade should take drastic steps to put an end to such unfair trading, which inflicts not only financial loss upon people who cannot afford it, but also injures the prestige of the whole British commercial community. Our comment upon this particular instance has been delayed owing to the "Company's" dilatoriness in sending the pre-paid goods, such as they are. It would appear that this is systematic, as a Horncastle reader also complains that he has waited long for the articles for which he forwarded 4s. 9d. When he *does* get them, he will doubtless be disappointed; but the concern might at least, out of its ill-gotten gains, spend a halfpenny to send a postcard to its dupes informing them when the disillusionment may be expected.

A TYRANNOUS PROCEEDING.

CONSUMPTIVE CHILD'S SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

There seems to be something radically wrong with the methods of the London County Council in school attendance matters, several cases of acute hardship having lately been brought to our notice. To give another example, at Hampstead a summons was lately issued against the mother of a child who for the last seven or eight years had been in a continuous state of ill-health, medical certificates to this effect having been duly furnished to the Education Committee. These conclusive documents are now in our possession; they commence with one dated January, 1909, and continue at intervals until January of this year, when the patient was certified as suffering from phthisis, or tuberculosis of the lungs. Yet with this information in their possession, the Education Officers' Department caused a summons to be issued, and the mother—the father is serving with the Colours—was dragged from her work to the Marylebone Police Court. However, Mr. Paul Taylor—after the circumstances had been placed before him by a solicitor whom we instructed on the poor woman's behalf—had very little hesitation in dismissing the trumpery charge, it being pointed out to him that to force this consumptive child to attend school in the present state of the weather would be to expose it to fatal risks. But why did not this view of the matter commend itself to the Education Officer?

FIDDLING WITH FOOD.

TRIFLING WITH A GRAVE PERIL.

A Glasgow dental surgeon, with a good deal of time on his hands, and some knowledge of agriculture, was anxious to obtain a small holding or allotment upon which, with a little encouragement, he would no doubt have contrived to "make good." The first move in the matter was made very soon after the outbreak of war, when an application was addressed to the Board of Agriculture for Scotland; but delay followed delay, and, although in the meantime the prospect of a grave food shortage had arisen, no real progress was made until January of this year, when the two-year-old application was formally referred to the Food Production Committee for the County of Lanarkshire. In the interval, the qualifications of the applicant had been thoroughly tested, and his suitability as a candidate placed beyond question, but finally, after further fruitless correspondence, the application was refused, the excuse being that there was no land immediately available for the purpose. In other circumstances there might have been weight in this plea, but more than two years had elapsed since the original application, and it is therefore hard to acquit the Department of Agriculture of shameful dilatoriness in the discharge of a public duty. There will have to be a big change if we are to cope effectively with the food problem.

TRAFFICKING IN SORROW.

DEPLORABLE PROFIT-MAKING SCHEME.

Many people who have had the misfortune to lose a relative in the war have been pestered to furnish biographical details of their dead hero for the purpose of a "Roll of Honour" to be edited by the Marquis of Ruvigny, and to contain—so it is boldly announced—"a biographical record of all who fall or die on active service in the present war." As we have previously pointed out, all that can result from the worrying of grief-stricken relatives is a partial and defective catalogue, productive of widespread disappointment; and we submit that this aspect of the matter should have been more carefully weighed by the Standard Book Company, who have apparently agreed to publish the projected work. The matter is recalled to our attention by the widow of an officer, who states that—having furnished particulars of her late husband's career—she heard nothing from the Company for many months until a few weeks ago, when she received an application for a remittance of £2 2s., the published price of the "Roll of Honour." We cannot say what relation this figure bears to the cost of production, but we venture to state that the price is not likely to err on the side of excessive modesty.

30,000 Women wanted at once

3 Questions to the Women of England.

1. Do you realise that an additional 30,000 women are urgently wanted for the National Filling Factories?
2. Do you realise that every woman who works in these factories is helping to win the War and to save the lives of our soldiers?
3. Will you not come forward at once and take your part in this great National Work?

Brief Particulars.

No special training or skill is required.
Age: 18 to 40.
Hours: From 54 to 60 a week.
Average wages from 27s. to 30s. a week.
For those who cannot reside at home, a good register of lodgings is available.

Apply for full Particulars to the Employment Exchange

nearest your residence (address can be obtained at any Post Office).

THE IRON

TO HASTEN VICTORY—SHOW YOUR

By THE EDITO

IT is in no spirit of impatience, and certainly without any feeling of panic, that I am anxious to address a few plain, outspoken words to Mr. Lloyd George and his Ministers. The Do-It-Now Government has replaced the Cabinet whose "Wait and See" methods disgusted everyone and jeopardised victory. I want them to live up to their reputation and to Do-It-Now in every department of Government, because there is not a man, from the biggest Minister of State to the humblest toiler in a factory, who is not engaged in the work of the war. There are one or two supreme tasks before the Government which must be carried through with all the driving force which the "little man from Wales" knows how to produce, so that the supremest task of all—winning the war quickly and decisively—may be accomplished. We want the boys back; we want to hear the bells ringing; we want to shout and to cheer. And because we want that; we desire the Government to marshal us and order us for the Victory task. Anyone who reads his daily paper must be struck with the appeals to do this and that—the calls upon our purses and our patriotism—the suggestions of this Minister, the cajolings of the other. Have not we had enough of all this? Isn't it time Mr. Lloyd George came out boldly, and not only told us what we ought to do, but gave orders how we are to do it? The nation is ready for the Dictator; everyone of us understands by this time what discipline means. The men at the front are not asked to take a trench—they are *ordered*. Order us!

How Time Was Squandered.

Think of the precious time that has been wasted by nibbling at great schemes—by waiting to see how the nation would take half measures before the authorities found the pluck to go the whole hog. Why, if we had been placed under a Dictator two years ago the war would have been over by now—a Dictator free from the hampering-strings of Party politics, from the red-tape of the bureaucrats, from the timid and crippling "diplomacy" of the Foreign Office. Recall how we squandered precious months after the first grand rush to the Colours before the Government took the plunge and brought in Conscription. And even now they are combing out the funk-holes of Whitehall! The humbug of Registration, the stupid deceit that was played on the married men of military age—how foolish and how wasteful it all was! We can't afford to waste another day. Every hour ill-spent in screwing up executive courage means another hour of war—and every unnecessary hour of war means the loss of husbands, fathers, sons, lovers. That is why I want the Government to understand that the nation is ready—ready, willing and waiting to be commandeered. Ministers know by this time what is needed to hasten victory. They have had two months in which to clear out the dust-hole of delay and indecision. They alone can see the war needs in a complete view. The country will applaud whatever demands they make.

The Navy Can Do It.

And of course this brings us to the pressing need for frankness. Tell us the truth, so far as is possible, all the time. Take the submarine menace as it is still miscalled. Well, it is a very real peril. Who can doubt it? But for months the press has not been permitted to express in totals which are at once arresting and informing, the full nature and extent of our losses through the torpedoes of the "U" boat. Why? Is it for a moment imagined that Germany does not know what these "pirates" accomplish? Of course she does. By keeping the nation in the dark the public mind has not been fully alive to the danger, and therefore not properly prepared for the precautionary measures that are necessary to maintain our food supply while the Navy is engaged in scotching the submarines. That they can be scotched is certain—on another page in this issue we have something to say on that subject. And already the good work is proceeding. Germany made the threat of a new submarine warfare many months ago. The "Wait and See-ers" did nothing; they left it to the men who have followed them to grapple with the danger. If only the blockade had been made real from the first, Germany would have been starved out before she had time to threaten our food supply. But there was no dictation either to the Foreign Office or to the money-making Neutral. The Government only "diddled" with the matter. In almost everything the country, as I have said before, has been in advance of the Government; and to-day it is ready for dictation—for compulsion in any direction which will strengthen our fighting arm and hasten the day of Victory and Peace. Whether it be men or money, those who are willing to give, and are giving, have a right to call upon the Government to marshal our forces and our power, to organise us as a disciplined nation—not to coax us like a lot of petulant children.

Precaution, Not Panic.

Take the Food Question, on which I have already written elsewhere. It is idle for the Government to continue on present lines. They know they are useless—that food is being wasted just when the need for saving every pound of meat and every loaf of bread is of first importance. Precaution is not panic. When Lord Kitchener called for a million men and developed his plans until that total was multiplied by four, he was taking no risks—he was budgeting for the worst. If victory came soon so much the better; if it came late, then we should have—as we have now when the last stage of the war has been entered upon—a mighty reserve of strength which will pulverise the Germans into peace. If I may venture—as I think I may—to speak in the name of the Man in the Street, I would say that we prefer being rationed to continuing the present method of go-as-you-please. We are not all experts in food economy. Meatless days, the strength of proteids, the calorific value of this or that, is Dutch to most of us. And it is almost useless to tell the average working woman that she must do with so many pounds

RON HAND.
YOUR STRENGTH, LLOYD GEORGE!

THE EDITOR.

less of bread per week. She knows what a quartern loaf is, and if she were instructed in terms of the loaf she would understand you. No, Mr. Food Controller, we do not want so much of this fine writing, in the way of appeals to economise, as of definite orders *how* to economise. Nearly two years ago I saw the danger ahead, and called for a Food Dictator. I know Mr. Asquith didn't like the word, but it is expressive—it has power and meaning. Too long have we pottered with the problem, and we ask for Dictation without further delay. From the beginning of this war the trouble has been Government ignorance of the spirit and temper of the People—that and a deliberate policy of concealing unpleasant facts. Let the People share the knowledge which Whitehall possesses. I repeat, tell the truth—not in frightened driblets, but as a whole—and there is not a man or woman but will appreciate the confidence, and respond to it with hearty sympathy and willing sacrifice. The truth to-day is that we are up against a danger which should have been met by foresight and courage long ago, and can be met even now with decision and prompt action.

A Neglected Warning.

That we are reaping the crop of a policy of procrastination is damnably true. I cannot forget the Report of that Commission on our Food Supplies, which recommended putting up huge stores of grain in this country, wherein could be garnered one year's—or was it two years'?—wheat, and so laying up for that rainy day of war which some of us were convinced was inevitable. But the politician knew better. He scouted the idea of future danger, and looking across the North Sea he saw editors of London newspapers waving flags in Unter den Linden and crying "Hoch der Kaiser!" with a finely simulated guttural. No doubt the Downing Street moles of those days thought we should offend the dear people in Berlin if we took precautions to make certain that in a time of war our food supplies should be backed by a useful wheat reserve. Well, whatever the reason, the many months of labour of that Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War was wasted. Great volumes of evidence, with all the schemes for national food safety embodied in the Report, lie to-day dusty and disregarded in the pigeon-holes of some Government department. It is the old story. Some far-seeing man who detected danger, who saw the cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the horizon of European politics, wanted the Government to play for safety. Ministers were too much taken up with their own petty and personal games to be bothered with problems of the future. They appointed a Commission to keep the seers quiet, and as usual shelved the Report on which so much time and labour had been expended. But, as I say, it is useless bemoaning the blind stupidity of the past. There was also the Milner Report. Everyone knows, as the politicians do, that if it had been acted upon we should have got to work sowing extra grain crops many months ago. But its recommendations upset the economic faddists of Whitehall. What did it matter to them whether bread might be dear or the wheat supply short?—perish everything, yes, and everyone, rather than give a bonus to the growers of grain! Thank Heaven, those political "wise men" have had their day. They have left a terrible legacy, but other men and other methods are available for meeting the present emergency.

Ration the Nation.

Ration us. Give the nation plain explicit orders, and provided they are based on necessity—that neither the crank nor the faddist lurks anywhere behind the demands of the Food Dictator—and Lord Devonport will be amazed at the loyal response to his injunctions. First of all, get rid of that ridiculous Runciman business of the restricted courses in clubs, restaurants, and other places where they eat. It is a crazy scheme, which has led people to consume more meat than ever before. The extravagance of the "follower"—the second helping—has resulted, and the stock of food in the country has suffered. I happen to know that a ration scheme is ready if it is wanted. It *is* wanted. Why wait? We can defy the submarine by making it impossible for the German to starve us out, and while we are keeping our personal food requirements within sensible limits, we can depend upon Admiral Jellicoe and the other practical men at the Admiralty to get on with the schemes for scotching the under-water peril. It may be said that rationing would be held by Germany as a sign of weakening. Not at all—quite the opposite. Conscription of the nation's manhood was to Germany the measure of our determination to smash her. And conscription of the nation's stomach will prove to the Hun that we are providing against the worst he can do.

Make Us Work.

As with food so with employment, if I had my way. What is the use of fooling at this hour with a voluntary scheme? If it fails, compulsion will have to be applied—and valuable time will have been lost. Remember, we are not in the first but the last months of the war. We cannot afford to waste an hour. So that, as far as possible, there should be that equality of sacrifice of which we have heard so much and seen so little. Put the whole nation on the same footing, and then select from the bulk those who can best do the work that is needed to hasten victory. Mr. Lloyd George has a great opportunity—he must grasp it. Our soldiers are doing magnificently. There is mystery and silence at Salonika—that is a mistake—but the tale of our successes mounts up in France and Flanders. "All is well in the West." Nowhere is there cause for alarm. But there is every reason for caution—*and nothing must be left to chance.* On the Prime Minister rests a heavy responsibility. He has taken up, with the nation's unanimous approval, the full burden of carrying the war to triumph. Neither the politician nor the Permanent Official—that worshipper of red tape—must be allowed to thwart his purpose or impede his steps. He can show his greatness by his strength. The nation is prepared to back him to any length. All we ask is that he shall order so that we may obey!

WRIT SARCASTIC.

HOW THE WOUNDED TOMMIES ARE LOSING THE WAR!

By One of Them.

It is chiefly about wounded and war-worn men in hospital that I wish to speak, and as I am one of them myself, at present in an R.A.M.C. hospital, I have had an excellent opportunity of observing their very unpatriotic conduct. Now some of the men are very badly wounded, but, of course, that is entirely their own fault; the silly idiots ought to know that high explosive shells are dangerous to mankind, to say nothing of machine-gun fire. When they are sent over to Blighty they actually have the hide to try and make themselves comfortable at the expense of the R.A.M.C. I blame the R.A.M.C. authorities for it, myself. The way they pamper them is simply a crying shame. These chaps are fed upon the best of bread and margarine for breakfast, tea and supper—to say nothing of the soldier's favourite dish, stew, for dinner—and some of them have only been on the Somme for 12 months. One of these men, who was foolish enough to let Fritz wound him on no less than four different occasions, actually had the face to ask for two pieces of bread and margy yesterday morning, all for himself. We others in the ward hung our heads with shame. But I am glad to say he was ordered to draw his kit at 6.30 a.m. this morning and report to his depôt. Serve him right, the greedy pig! Now, again, there is another chap in the ward who was foolish enough to let a Tank run over him, at Le Sars, I think he said, the last time he was able to speak. Fortunately for him, only two of the wheels went over his head, and, Mr. Editor, I am sorry to say that this man is never satisfied with anything. For instance, the Night Sister never calls him before 5.30 a.m., as he has been very ill, while we others have to be up, beds made, and standing at attention at the foot of the beds at 4 o'clock sharp. He also had the impudence to ask if there was meat for breakfast. That is asking too much, as we always get meat for that meal at least once a week; and even if there is none left when it comes to his turn to get served, that is his own fault for being in a bed at the bottom end of the ward. I am expecting him to ask to have a sliding roof in his coffin next. I think he must have been delirious the other night, as I heard him distinctly say that he would engage a bedroom for a week and go to sleep and make himself comfortable, and that he would post a housemaid armed with ball ammunition outside the door, with strict instructions to shoot anyone on sight if they came near it. Anyone with any education at all knows that we are bound to lose a few trenches if a wounded soldier stays in bed after 4 a.m. The only morning we got him out of bed at the proper hour was the morning that the Roumanians thrust back Von Mackensen on the Sereth, so that goes to show you that I am right. Apart from that, he is always breaking the smoking rules of the place. We generally have breakfast at 7.45, and they are kind enough to allow us to smoke till 8 a.m.—that is, of course, if the sister is not taking your temperature or asking you if you have had marks or not. But in spite of their generosity he was cautioned for smoking two minutes after 8 o'clock, and the Night Matron has caught him twice with a cigarette after the proper hour of 7 p.m. Anyone knows that smoking is very injurious to a man with a broken leg, so why in the name of goodness allow him to smoke at all? I certainly think it is high time a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the conduct of men like him. I would be extremely obliged if you will kindly publish this letter in your straight-speaking journal, as a warning to other wounded men in hospitals like him; and if we can only worry them into getting up at 4 a.m., and making it as uncomfortable for them as we possibly can, we will be sure to be in Berlin (or Hell) in a week!

The charm of "Erasmic" is the lasting benefit its use confers upon the skin.

"ERASMIC"

The Dainty SOAP.

4½ per tablet. "ERASMIC" Perfumes London and Paris. 1/- per box.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

MEN AND WOMEN
SIT DOWN AND THINK

How much cash can you put into the War Loan *now* and how much can you *save* during the next 12 months

A—On Clothes **B—On Amusements**
C—On Travelling **D—On Food**

TO
LEND MONEY
TO
THE NATION

WEAR OLD CLOTHES, OLD BOOTS, OLD DRESSES

Then ask your Banker or your Employer to make you an advance against those future savings to help you to purchase

WAR LOAN

LAST DAY—FRIDAY, FEB. 16th.

PLAYER'S

COUNTRY LIFE

Tobacco

Cigarettes

MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS

PER 7D. OZ.

PER 2/4 ¼ lb. TIN

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors In Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at DUTY FREE PRICES.

PINK PACKET
10 *for* 4D.

BLUE PACKET
10 *for* 3½D.

Larger Packings at Proportionate Prices

Terms on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd.

NOTTINGHAM

P677

THE MEN OF THE V.A.D.

swear by the strength-supporting and sustaining qualities of MILK-COCOA. In the strain of their delicate and merciful work they find it the simplest and most convenient stimulant.

Rich in nutriment and sustenance, MILKMAID MILK-COCOA is a beverage of unequalled food-value—delightfully comforting and invigorating.

MILKMAID BRAND MILK-COCOA

The most delicious and most economical cocoa you can buy. Made in a moment with boiling water only - neither milk nor sugar required.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores. Cash price, 3d., 5½d., and 10½d. per tin.

Don't endure Head or Nerve Pain.

Profit by a great 1916 discovery.

When shopping

Carry a box of Daisy Tablets with you always and be prepared to banish the headache fiend, whenever he attacks, within a few minutes of his coming.

THERE is glorious news to-day for everyone who ever has headache, neuralgia or nerve pain of any kind—and that means nearly everybody. Every chemist now has a supply of a wonderful new remedy which cures every nerve pain in a perfectly simple, easy and scientific way—you simply swallow a couple of these wonderful little tablets—Daisy Tablets—and hey, presto! as conjurers say, the pain has vanished. It sounds miraculous, but it is a miracle that is happening every minute of every day in shops, offices, factories, homes, munition shops—everywhere where there are men and women who once were martyrs to headache and neuralgia pains.

DAISY

TABLETS.

A box of 25 Tablets takes up less space in your bag or pocket than the smallest matchbox, yet in it is stored the magic cure for a dozen headaches.

Sold by Boots, Taylor's, etc., and chemists everywhere, at 1/3 per box, or direct, post free, from Daisy, Ltd., Leeds.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 27.

BORROWERS, BEWARE!

A WEST COUNTRY FEE-SNATCHER.

Time and again we have warned our readers to avoid all dealings with moneylenders who demand preliminary fees or expenses before the completion of a loan. Unfortunately, financial embarrassment frequently clouds the judgment, and we are constantly receiving complaints from borrowers who have been bamboozled in this barefaced way. With many pathetic requests that no names should be mentioned, a Nottingham girl writes to us in regard to the affairs of her brother, who, after an unfortunate experience with a West Country "financier," has been called up for military service. It seems that the borrower was in business in a small way as a manufacturer, and having got into difficulties through the war his attention was attracted by an advertisement of the common kind, offering fabulous advances "upon your mere note of hand." Negotiations were scarcely begun for a loan of £120 when the moneylender demanded a remittance of 24s. 6d., "being such expenses required attending the completing of this advance." Foolishly the harassed borrower sent the money, only to be confronted immediately with a further claim for £12, "interest in advance." "Of course," wrote the amiable Shylock, "you will send me the £12 interest in advance with the clear understanding that I shall complete this loan for you." At the same time all sorts of inquisitorial questions were asked, there evidently being no intention on the part of the moneylender to complete the transaction; and finally the whole matter fell through, the would-be borrower being the poorer by the amount of the preliminary "expenses," and the richer by an experience which, but for his timely call to the Colours, might have been even more dearly bought.

LANDLUBBING LEADERS.

SEAFARERS AND THE PEACE PLOTTERS.

Our recent reference to the British Seafarers' Union and its President, Mr. Thomas Lewis, has aroused a good deal of interest, especially in Southampton, where the Union has made its headquarters, and from which port the bulk of its membership is drawn. Mr. Lewis, as we have said, is a person of strong pacifist views, a lesser light of the Union of Democratic Control; he is also a Socialist Town Councillor—in fact, almost everything but a "Seafarer," his interest in maritime affairs being of a purely academic kind. Unfortunately, the B.S.U. seems to have fallen very largely under influences of the sort, and in the current issue of the *British Seafarer*, the official organ of the Union, there are several references to the war which are open to a most unfavourable construction. It is highly unfortunate that at this critical time the affairs of this important Union should be in the hands of men who have ranged themselves in opposition to the national cause.

CAUGHT FOR ONCE.

ANOTHER MANCHESTER POLICE SCANDAL.

It is not often that a member of the public ventures to take legal action against the police, still more seldom that such a suit succeeds; but at the Manchester County Court two detective officers of the City force, William Dorricott and Samuel Pointon, were recently mulcted in damages to the tune of £21 and costs for "unlawful arrest and detention." As far as Manchester is concerned the circumstances, though unusual, were not unprecedented. The plaintiff, a man of excellent character—an ex-soldier with a record of service in South Africa—had been arrested on suspicion of stealing lead from his employers, it being subsequently proved beyond question that he had a perfect right to the metal, which he had been expressly authorised to keep and sell. All these were facts which the detectives might quite easily have verified for themselves; instead, they treated their victim as though he were already a convicted criminal, declined to assist him in the arrangement of bail, searched his house without a warrant, and finally brought him before the Stipendiary Magistrate, who promptly dismissed the baseless charge. In some cases, no doubt, this would have been the end of the matter, but in the present instance Detectives Dorricott and Pointon had met their match, and it is probable that after the award of Judge Mellor, and the severe dressing-down which His Honour thought fit to administer, they will exercise a little more care in the discharge of their delicate duties.

SLOW MUSIC.

"WAIT AND SEE" IN BERNERS STREET.

Among music printers and publishers procrastination seems to be a rooted habit—almost an epidemic disease. For example, a correspondent complains that eighteen months ago he submitted a hymn-tune to Messrs. Kibble and Co., of 18, Berners Street, London, W., but up to the present has received no satisfactory assurance of their progress with its publication—although he has parted with a sum of 30s. towards the expenses of printing. In April of last year Messrs. Kibble were "hurrying on the proofs as much as possible," but in May "the engravers were so short-handed and had so much work in hand" that nothing had yet been done. Three months later the firm were giving the matter their "best attention," and it was hoped that the proofs would be ready "by the end of this week or early next," but the week-end saw no progress made, and in September last Messrs. Kibble were still "hurrying along"—at the familiar tortoise pace. Meanwhile, the unfortunate composer is short of cash to the tune of 30s., for which, up to the present, he has received not a pennyworth of value. Such dilatory methods exceed the limit of fair dealing. Messrs. Kibble and Co. should at once refund the cash or push the business on.

GAMAGES
—GREAT—
OPTICAL
=SALE=

For the month of February

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF CUSTOMERS, AND TO PREVENT UNNECESSARY WAITING, OUR 7th ANNUAL OPTICAL SALE WILL BE HELD IN THE

Gamage Great Hall.

We beg to remind the public that the ever increasing number of glasses we sell annually is owing to the fact that you get the goods from us at the exact price advertised. The prices are fixed and quality guaranteed.

A large staff of Expert Opticians, specially engaged for this sale, are in attendance through the day, and will give you advice free

WE TEST YOUR EYESIGHT FREE and fit you with Half-Guinea Rolled Gold Frames and Lenses for 4/11 Complete

FOUR STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM.

BEWARE OF IMITATORS

WHAT YOU GET.

Reading or Distance Glasses, Fitted with highest quality Lenses.

We guarantee the Frames to retain their colour for 15 years and fit them perfectly to your eyes.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded during SALE if not perfectly satisfied.

Strong Spring Cases 1/- extra.
Postage on Glasses or Cases, 3d.

If Astigmatic or Bifocal Lenses are required the cost will be extra.

No need for Country Customers to come to London.

We will, upon application, send a Test Sheet gratis, which will enable you to send us full particulars of your needs, when we will at once despatch suitable glasses.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.
OPTICIANS,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

The Fighting Spirit

and the will to do things that count depend entirely on the state of your health.

The one who does the hardest day's work with a good spirit—be it man or woman—doesn't have to be troubled with headache, depression or tiredness the day the record is made.

Good Blood and Good Health are partners.

Keep the blood pure, have every organ working perfectly—ensure that all that is not needed for the building of your body is thrown off, and you will experience the joy of life "packed to the brim and running over."

Chocoloids will prove a boon to all who suffer from Constipation and the consequent headaches, loss of appetite, depression of the nervous system, etc.

The composition of Chocoloids is entirely herbal in character and they assist Nature in a perfectly natural manner. They are always effective, yet never drastic.

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THE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

Price 2/6 per box of 60 Tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case.

Sample Box 1/3, containing 24 Tablets. Obtainable from all Chemists and Druggists.

Send a Tin to the Front.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Chocoloids we will send you a Box Post Free on receipt of purchase price.

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Saves HOUSEWORK

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

When a man is perilously near forty years of age, as is Johnny Summers, you expect that he has done with big fighting. But this great little man, a very dapper Sergeant Risedogs, has exploded any idea there might have been that he is a back number. A well-ordered life, which will well serve as a pattern to all youngsters who seek to excel as boxers, has given to Summers a stamina that keeps him right in the front rank. And so to-day he is undoubtedly one of our best welter weights—fully qualified to try again for the title and Lord Lonsdale's belt which goes with it, and which he has won on two occasions. I should say that Summers has been a professional boxer for full 20 years and has engaged in contests in many parts of the world. But facing Willie Farrell at the Holborn Stadium he seemed to laugh uproariously at the notion that he was only a hard, bitter veteran. His display was remarkably good; I would almost go as far as to say that he has fought few fights better. By deep cunning, by making every use of his vast experience, he beat the younger school as typified by Farrell all ends up. It did not seem to matter what trick Farrell introduced, Summers had one infinitely better; and in every phase of good boxing "the old man" was the master. Farrell was a warm favourite, as was to be expected, for he had everything to help him—the joyous feeling that comes from youthfulness, the confidence begotten of the fact that he had previously beaten Summers. All pointed to his winning; but the little Sergeant, one of the first boxers to join the Colours, took the full measure of his opponent almost from the start, and Farrell was not permitted to do that which he set out to do. The success of an old campaigner in any branch of sport is always popular; that of Summers was loudly acclaimed, for it was not only a victory for a veteran, but it told of the triumph of the soldier.

A letter has come to me from the Chatham Dockyard, asking that I should let it be known that Petty Officer Curran, the Naval champion, is still regarded by his friends as an active force. Curran has been on one of his Majesty's light cruisers since the beginning of the war, and like all sailors is doing great work. These times he has little or no opportunity to train, and has got very big, but I am assured that he has not given up the idea of re-entering the ring. The war over, and Curran, through his friends, will be getting busy among the heavy weights.

The Buffs are going to have an affair at Southend on the 17th inst. in aid of the Red Cross, and I have been asked to officiate as Referee. Walter Ross is to meet Johnny Moran, of Lambeth, and this contest alone is a guarantee of really tip-top boxing. And there is no better cause than the Red Cross.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME GEMS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

"He is a Hindoo and says you can find all about him in 'Who's Who.' His oil has to be rubbed on the top of his head (my husband's) for 3 minutes morning and night by someone with fleshy fingers, and he charges 30s. an oz. What do you think of that? He charged my husband £5 for seeing him and it cost him £5 to go down there and since that he has sent many a £5 for this oil—which he says is precious—comes from the Himalays, 9,000 miles, etc. Perhaps you could get it analysed properly, but please don't bring me in it; I would rather you did nothing, than mention my name or address."

"Sir will you kindly send me news of the war and oblige yours respectfully Fireman. Ship laying in France."

"I should like to know wether you any of you think that I am goeing to let you live on the Fat of the Land and I remain in Poverty all my Life. It was I who rough casted the JOHN BULL in Winchester Prison in 1906—sending the Two Letters in one Letter. Now Mr. Horatio Bottomly when I called up at the JOHN BULL Office I called there to receive my rights and in the event of me receiving my rights I was going to scratch off of my letters the word Sub and making you Editor, and it was I who told you several other little nick-nack such as a little Cinama Comical Little Pictures and that you was to get some Poor Fellow to Sketch them for the Journal at about a Pound a Week from one of Lord Routon Lodging Houses a Scholar that was hard up. Were is my Rights that I called for?"

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(Feb. 17, 1917.)

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INDIGESTION

When your organs of digestion—stomach, liver and bowels through any cause are unable to do their work efficiently they have an unhappy knack of compelling your attention to the fact.

It may be that the first indication you have of their lack of proper condition is some slight distaste for food; a drowsy feeling after partaking of a meal, or a recurring headache in a mild form; flatulence or acidity. Attend to the call of these danger signals and you may be spared months of untold suffering. Act at once by helping your digestive system to thoroughly and efficiently do the work required of them. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup, the remedy which has proved its value in thousands upon thousands of similar cases, the world over.

No other remedy before the public possesses its splendid powers of toning and strengthening the stomach, and gently stimulating the action of the liver and bowels.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the medicinal extracts of more than ten varieties of herbs, barks and leaves which in combination possess remarkable powers not found in other medicines. Put it to the test to-day.

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SEIGEL'S SYRUP

THE WORLD-FAMOUS STOMACH AND LIVER TONIC.

The 2/9 size contains THREE TIMES AS MUCH as the 1/3 bottle.

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because its food value is so great and its cost so small. When economising and getting as much *nourishment* as possible for one's money it is wise to remember that a pure cocoa like FRY's is an easily assimilated *emulsion* which, taken regularly, contributes to a robust state of health.

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Compare with others sold at higher prices.

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Even a small kitchen garden, growing enough vegetables for the requirements of your own table, helps to keep prices down and saves money. If you sow Ryders famous vegetable seeds you will get the best possible results for whatever your outlay may be—because you are sowing seeds of the very highest quality selected by experts from the world's best stocks.

Quality—that is the secret of Ryder success, and for over fifty years *quality* has been the keystone of the Ryder policy.

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The House of Ryder will supply you with any vegetable or flower seeds, "from Orchids to Mustard and Cress," at a war-time price of three halfpence the packet, and for every three halfpence you will obtain a packet of seeds of the highest possible quality. Only Ryders can supply you with such quality at the price. Nobody can supply you with seeds so good at a lower price during war-time. That is why Ryders have temporarily abandoned the famous penny packet policy

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BEWARE OF IMITATORS.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 27

CIGARETTE SITUATIONS—No. 1.

The Junior Sub. was in a tight corner. So was the Colonel's daughter. And in a similar situation, what Junior Sub. ever adopted better tactics? Passing the Aristons will appease the Colonel if anything will—And what else is one to do?

In all situations where argument is futile, or explanation impossible—smoke an Ariston—pass the case to the lady or the other man, too; enjoy the tawny, mellow flavour of the fine Dubec Tobacco. Raise the smoke of Ariston as incense of thanksgiving to the Luck that gave the makers of Ariston that happy choice of blend that price alone could not secure.

Obtainable from all high-class tobacconists or from MURATTI'S Ltd., West End Depot, 28, Piccadilly, London, W.

Ariston No. 10. Large, Dubec.
100—3/3 50—1/8 25—2/3

Ariston Gold Tipped. (22 ct.) Medium Dubec.
100—3/3 50—1/8 25—1/9

MURATTI'S ARISTON CIGARETTES.

Arrange with your tobacconist to send a regular supply to your Naval or Military Friend. Quantities of 200 are duty free and carriage paid. Ariston No. 10—14/- Ariston Gold Tipped—14/-, or Heb-Ka No. 2—12/-.

Ariston Delicat for those who prefer a small cigarette.
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at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London, from all British raw material—by all British capital. See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

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NASAL CATARRH

Nurse & Soldier Son Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. Cheeseman.

Mrs. Cheeseman, 64, Blackstock Road, Finsbury, London, N., says: "Having been a professional nurse for years, I know the value of a reliable medicine like Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I first used Veno's when I had catarrh of the stomach, with a stuffed-up feeling in my head, and headache. All that disappeared when I took Veno's, and I soon felt well again. My boy Gordon, now at the Front, has also benefited greatly by taking Veno's. From his birth he was subject to nasal catarrh. If he got wetter was sure to come on. Before I knew of Veno's I never could find a satisfactory remedy, but when I gave him Veno's it was wonderful how he got well. Now he is away soldiering I send him the medicine; and though he is often wet in the trenches he keeps well."

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address: Box 847, THE VENO DRUG CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS & COLDS, LUNG TROUBLES, NASAL CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD-SPITTING, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA.

11½d. a Bottle.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 27.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Booming JOHN BULL.

We are seriously considering whether we ought not to send acceptable presents to the officers who parade their men, and harangue them upon the enormity of writing to newspapers—particularly this journal—advising them at the same time that all legitimate grievances will be redressed if they will only lay the complaints before their Commanders. This latter advice would make a horse laugh, if he knew the treatment received by the average soldier who dares to bring before the official head what he conceives to be a wrong. The Tommies smile up their sleeves while listening to the lectures, and make up their minds to lay in a stock of stamps for the purpose of writing to Long Acre. Perhaps we may be permitted to suggest to Tommy's draconic mentors that, before "laying down the law" in such a matter, they should study the book entitled "The King's Regulations"; secondly, that much friction between officers and men would be obviated were they to listen less to the secret reports of sneaky N.C.O.s; and last, but not least, that they should give their men a hearing. Meanwhile, they have our thanks for their unconscious efforts to popularise this publication amongst the rank and file of the Army.

One More for Us.

We are pleased to see the success of our agitation for the removal of the extra railway fare impost upon the relatives who are allowed to visit our sick and wounded soldiers. They will now travel at the old rates on presenting a note from the Military Doctor. We are glad, too, that—following our oft-repeated appeals—the separation allowances have been increased, but we must still agitate for the better treatment of the widows and orphans.

Hunt Down the Harpies.

We have recently been visited by Anzac men who complain about the numerous harpies infesting the roads around our railway termini—particularly Waterloo. We have numerous complaints about the robberies committed by these pests, who make a dead set at our Colonial soldiers because they are supposed to be in possession of considerable sums of money. A police chief, anxious to abolish this scandal, might put a number of his men into Colonial uniform, and let them loose in the infected districts.

Someone has Blundered.

A rifleman lies wounded in a military hospital near Birmingham. The police—having received a notice from some official whose skull is apparently packed with a "war-substitute" for the proper commodity—have been round several times to his sister's house, at Notting Hill, to arrest him as a deserter. They appear to be as intelligent as the Military officer in question—as, although they have been shown proofs several times that the man in question is in hospital, they continue their visits. We should like to have them called off.

Tommy's Rum.

From various points behind the lines in France we have complaints that the rum ration has been cut out, with the result that the men's bones rattle together in the fiendish weather that prevails out there. Only the man who has to spend his days and nights in a ditch, amid Arctic conditions knows what a comfort the warming tot is, and we should like to see some of the temperance reformers, who hold up their hands in horror at the idea of Tommy receiving it, sent out for a few weeks' duty in the open.

A Travelling Medical Board.

Away North, a travelling Medical Board a few days ago "examined" 195 men belonging to the categories B2, C2 and C3. The procedure was very simple. The men stripped in an ante-chamber and went into the examining room one by one. Each man was halted in the middle of the apartment, before the Board, ordered to turn round, asked a sympathetic question regarding his eyesight, and then told to walk out—not one of the doctors having laid a finger on him. More and more light is being let in upon the mystery of the origin of the battalions of cripples who are kept in the Service, instead of being sent back to civil life. The poor fellows eat rations and draw pay, their families at the same time receiving allowances.

The Dud Dug-up Commander.

Last week we addressed a message to the General Officer in command of Bovington Camp. We have now to tell him something further. The old dud officer, who replaced a better man and upset a unit, has given orders that the British warms of all his officers must have the metal badges of rank removed, and cloth ones stitched on, and that all the braid on the sleeves of coats and tunics is to be clipped off. What a mess to make of uniforms! Another pin-prick is that his officers are not allowed to carry sticks. We wonder where the old chap got his authority from. The other day he took the unpardonable liberty of walking between the old and the new guards when they were changing. This chap's combatant rank should be taken from him, and he should be given a job in the straw and hay department, if he knows anything about those commodities. He's the laughing-stock of Bovington.

On the East Coast.

Somewhere on the East Coast there is, we are told, an Adjutant who says, in effect, to his Non-Coms.: "Don't be afraid of the men under your command. You must Germanise them. It's the only way to get discipline." Courts-martial are held on the open sea front, the men standing at attention; as great coats are forbidden, the poor culprits are nipped to the marrow. At another East Coast spot B2 men have to work fifteen hours a day, in three 5-hour spells, unloading vessels. The men are famished—one recently collapsed, and died in three hours. They would certainly not be worse treated if they were interned Huns.

An Improvement at Chatham.

We were glad to hear that our recent paragraph complaining about our sailors being coralled at Chatham has borne fruit—the men having been granted leave to go beyond the precincts of the port. However, the bar has been put up again, as they are once more interned, the excuse being that the railway company cannot make provision for their accommodation. We much regret the grievance under which the men suffer, and hope the Admiralty will give it consideration.

Harried at Harwich.

The trawler and drifter men are commonly regarded by the regulation brass-bound naval officer as small fry, although they have done such splendid service around our coast. We wrote recently about the Kingstown base, and now we have letters from the Harwich men complaining about a gold-laced bully who is not of senior rank, and who appears to spend his time inventing means of making their lives miserable. If an improvement is not made, we shall have something further to say in the matter.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

T. H. (Maidstone).—The dependent's allowance is based upon the extent of support given by the soldier to his home before enlistment. This accounts for the difference between the amount granted on your account and that in respect of your brother.

MRS. HART (Leyton).—As no will has been found, the money and property will be distributed among the next-of-kin, according to law. Separation allowance will be continued for 26 weeks, when pension will be granted.

M. H. (Stone, near Aylesbury).—The pension officer will forward his report. Your separation allowance will be increased in a short time.

MR. M. L. (Acton).—I sent your case to the Paymaster, who informs me that your allowance has been forwarded. The delay was due to a clerical error.

"PUZZLED TOMMY."—I have examined the accounts, which are perfectly correct according to the Paymaster's showing. You were qualified for the Class 2 proficiency pay only, viz., 3d. per day.

W. H. R. (Finsbury).—I am sorry that, as I have not before me your son's pay-book and a detailed statement of his accounts, I can be of no help in the matter. You should write to the Officer in Charge of Regimental Records.

W. C. E. (Rowlands Castle).—For an amputation of the right arm at the shoulder-joint the pension is 16s. a week; above or through elbow, 14s.; below elbow, 11s. 6d. Having held the rank of Colour Sergeant, you are entitled to an additional 6s. a week.

MRS. B. H. (Maida Vale).—No separation allowance is granted to the mother or other dependent of an officer. I would advise you to write to the Secretary of the Officers' Families Fund, Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, S.W.

MRS. A. B. (Haslemere).—As your son was not supporting you at the time of his enlistment, I am sorry to say you are not entitled to an allowance.

MRS. S. J. (Hindhead).—You should send the Court Order, and full particulars of your husband, to the Paymaster at Hounslow.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Rfm. F. J. Dalton, 5362, London Regt.; L/Cpl. Evans, 9746, Royal Fusiliers; Rfm. J. T. Clarke, 4952, B Coy., London Regt.; Pte. H. C. Towers, 3312, E Coy., South African Scottish Brigade; Pte. A. Carlin, 26746, H.L.I.; Gnr. C. Hunwick, 41899, R.F.A.; Pte. F. R. Honour, 137010, A.S.C., M.T.; L./Cpl. R. Fowler, 9760, B Coy., Royal West Kent Regt.; L./Cpl. W. T. Nash, 32913, A Coy., Oxford and Bucks L.I.; Trooper H. Bosworth, 3360, Life Guards; Act. Cpl. R. Bryers, 10710, D Coy., Rifle Brigade; L./Cpl. W. Nohlan, 34824, B Coy., Winchester Regt.; Pte. R. Briggs, 1871, C Coy., York and Lancaster; Pte. Geo. Wright, 410439, B Coy., Canadians; Pte. E. Baston, 9384, D Coy., Buffs; Cpl. W. Farrant, 4706, Royal West Kent Regt.; L./Cpl. J. Pepper, 4170, A.S.C.; Cpl. J. W. Harwood, 9861, Manchester Regt.; Pte. H. G. Riches, 28489, D Coy., Suffolks; Pte. H. T. Illman, 6172, C Coy., London Regiment; Pte. C. L. Woodgate, 26808, Royal Fusiliers.

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery.

Failure or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and dreary repetition can ever give you. Thousands have been at it for twelve years. Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for them playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. I have also a Course for Beginners *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as may best fit your case.

Mr. H. BECKER.

A Typical Letter:

Your system has opened a source of ever-increasing delight. Those foundation exercises have been a revelation to me. At last I can play without shame before others.—Miss A. F. B. (Brixton.)

81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

BODY VERMIN
THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made **vermin-free** and **vermin-proof** in a few minutes and at a trifling cost, thanks to the marvellous destructive power of

PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and loathsome pests. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and therefore specially valuable for soldiers in India Mesopotamia, Egypt and Salonica

FREE FROM GREASE.

Far more cleanly and pleasant as well as far more efficacious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

TRUTH says:—"Exhaustive tests, by experts, have proved that PARASITOX effectively destroys all body vermin. . . . It simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body. . . . Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a soldier in Camp."

Every Soldier should have a Stick. Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of **Boots**—or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by **Sole Makers.**

HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

Also Strand, Haymarket, &c., &c.

How I Darkened My Grey Hair.

Lady gives Simple Home Recipe that She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe which is as follows to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—[ADVT.]

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We have before paid tribute to the generosity of the men who sail the seas—as shown by their donations to our Fund—although, we are glad to say, the dependents of our sailors who ask for assistance are few and far between. Captain Owens, of the steamer *Panama Transport*, an enthusiastic "John Bullite," writing from Philadelphia, tells us that he has improvised a large money-box, into which any officer or man who uses an epithet not found in the Sunday school dictionary must drop a nickel for the "Greatest of These—" Fund. The crew, too, usually make a small donation when granted advances out of their pay. We wish the skipper and his men the good luck which their warm-heartedness deserves, and shall have much pleasure in administering the contents of the money-box.

A discharged soldier who had not received his back pay was wandering about London—a stranger, destitute and without friends. A casual acquaintance to whom he told his story advised him to come to us. His *bona-fides* being beyond question, we immediately fed and clothed him, and were also able within twenty-four hours to procure the back pay for him.

An interesting event took place in the home of a man who is now in the trenches. The baby, however, died, and the mother was seriously ill. The maternity benefit of 30s. is much too small in such cases. The poor woman in question applied to us, and we were glad to help her out of her trouble.

A woman was made a widow by the Huns, and had only the small pension to support her. One child died a week ago, and the second is lying in the infirmary. The larger funds turned a deaf ear to her appeal, but it found a ready response when addressed to us.

Another soldier's widow lost her child, who was not insured. As she could get no assistance from other sources, she visited us, and we gladly helped.

A man lost a limb at the Front and, owing to complications, was compelled to enter hospital for an operation. While there, his wife was served with an Ejectment Order because her rent was a week behind. Application was made to the Military Help Societies, but no assistance was granted; it was otherwise when we learned the facts.

A munitions worker died, leaving a widow with a child 2½ years old and a baby of 7 weeks. The man was not insured, so the poor woman's plight can easily be imagined. Here, again, we helped.

The system of compelling new employees to work for a fortnight before giving them pay is one that is more than open to question. It often happens that a man is in the last stage of destitution when taken on the pay-roll of the Arsenal and other establishments, and cannot manage to hold out for 14 days before reaping any of the fruits of his labour. Many such unfortunate fellows come to us, and receive money for which it would not be necessary to apply if the system were altered.

The unofficial widow of a soldier has four young children on her hands. She has no pension, and after supporting them for some time by charing was incapacitated by the strain. Such poor creatures have few friends—but this one found such in us.

Another soldier's widow has four children, two of whom became seriously ill recently and were sent to hospital. The result, of course, meant considerable financial hardship. We sent her a registered letter immediately, and put her in the way of getting future help elsewhere.

A soldier was granted short leave to see his dying wife. He left camp with his bare fare in his pocket, found his home poverty-stricken, and came to us. We sent him away as happy as possible in the circumstances.

A man, liable for military service in category "C," but not yet called up, with a wife and five children, cannot find employment; the firm for which he worked has closed down. The family was under notice of immediate eviction, and had no food or money in the house, when an appeal was made to us with the usual success.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

F. B., 5s.; E. L., 6d.; "Charlie and Marion," 3s. 6d.; Sergt. W. L., 1s.; A W., 7s. 2d.; H. F., 1s.; J. S., 1s.; Captain and Officers, s.s. *Mitra* (fourth donation), £10 3s.; W. J. P., 10s.; "Poor Grimbarion," 3s.; H. W., 2s.; "Cissy, Scotty and Another Friend of Tommy's," 20 francs; Mrs. K. B., 1s.; A. N., 2s. 6d.; "157183," 2s.; E. McK., 1s.; "Mother and Myself," 5s.; H. R. G., 1s. 4d.; J. McA., 6d.; Mrs. F., 2s.; H. M., 6d.; L. H., 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; C. S. M., 2s. 6d.; "A Widow," 5s.; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; Mrs. F. M., 1s; "A Soldier's Mother," 1s.; "Steam Roller," 1s.; J. H., 1s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; T. H., 1s.; M. R., 10s.; A. S., 3s. 6d.; H. S. H., 1s. 3d.; Mr. and Mrs. T. K., 5s.; "Credulous," 10s.; "Cheeryho's" 3s.; "Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal," 13s.; "Peter's Mother," 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "One Who Knows," 1s.; E. H., 1s.; C. E. L., 5s.; W. K., 1s.; G. F. I., 6d.; C. M., 6d.; "The Widow's Mite," 2s.; Mrs. E. H. N., 1s.; J. B. F., 6d.; T. H. D., 6d.; C. F., 6d.; H. B., 2s. 6d.; J. E. W., 6d.; J. C., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. C. L., 1s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch), 25s.; Miss C. M., 1s.; "The Amazon Telegraph Company's Counter" (Manaos), £1 4s. 5d.; "The Idiot," 5s.; "Old Cornforth," 5s.; S. E. R. (Rouen), 10s.; "Kurtis" (Kilburn), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi-driver 53/2," 1s.; E. D (Thornton Heath), 3s.; Fifeshire, 2s.

Mr. Piquay, the winner of the First Prize in our 221st "Bulbots" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. W. Anderson, 3/5, West Richmond Street, 3s. 4d.

GLASGOW.—Mr. T. Gemmell, 5, Cranworth Street, Hillhead, 10s. 2½d.

INVERGORDON.—Mr. Alex. Stephenson, R.N. Hutments, K Block, Sec. 4, £5 10s.

LINCOLN.—Mr. H. Marks, New Barracks, 5s.

LONDON.—The Manager, Charing Cross Hotel, W.C., 2s. 11½d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 440, Strand, 2s. 7d.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. W. Howard, "Coach and Horses," Bruton Street, W., 2s. 10d.

RECORD DEMAND FOR THIS 4-FOLD "HARLENE" GIFT

OF HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY FOR ALL.

1,000 000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits FREE.

THE New Year demand for Mr. Edwards' great Four-Fold gift of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits has beaten all records. If you wish to be in time to participate in this Great Offer of Hair Health and Beauty, you must send in your application at once. To make doubly sure,

POST THE FREE GIFT COUPON TO-DAY

and you will receive by return:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is a Tonic, Food and Dressing in one.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual giving complete instructions for this two-minute-a-day hair-growing exercise.

No simpler, quicker or more effective method of overcoming all hair troubles, and growing a really fine head of luxuriant and beautiful hair has yet been discovered. It only takes up 2 minutes a day, and thousands are already practising it to their hair benefit throughout the world. It quickly banishes Dandruff, overcomes Scalp Irritation restores Greasy Lustreless and Brittle Hair to health, strength and beauty, thickens the growth and enriches the colour of your hair, prevents hair from falling and conquers Partial or Total Baldness. You can try this wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, except for the trifling expense of 4 penny stamps to cover cost of postage to your address.

After only seven days' Trial you will be perfectly delighted with the results. The daily scalp massage not only increases the nutrition of the hair-roots, but it has a deliciously refreshing effect on tired brains and nerves.

If you suffer from any hair defect, write at once for one of these Free Trial Outfits. Do not delay in applying, as there is certain to be an especially great demand. Once you have tried it you will continue to use it always for your hair's sake.

When once you have satisfied yourself at no cost of the marvellous efficacy of these splendid toilet preparations, it is as well to know that further supplies may be obtained as desired from your local chemist—"Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Solidified Harlene," for travellers, etc., 2s. 6d. per tin; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s., 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 7 shampoos (single 2d. each).

If you should have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you, post free, on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

FREE TO YOU

One million Hair Drill Outfits are to-day offered to the Public. If you take pride in your appearance you will accept one of these free Four-Fold Gifts.

To receive your Free Gift simply fill up your name and address in the Coupon below, and post, with 4 penny stamps for return postage, to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Study your hair and preserve your youthful appearance.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON

(For use of Readers of Feb. 17, 1917.)

To EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

John Bull, 17.2.17.

BUSY MEN who always have to be WELL-DRESSED

find that their clothes can be kept in a new condition throughout the year by our well known *Tailorvalting* Service. We scientifically clean them, do all minor repairs, re-shape and press them in West End style at an inclusive charge of

3/9

(plus 20 per cent. War increase) —4/6.

LADIES also find our service the greatest boon and economy for cleaning, repairing, alterations and remodelling.

Send postcard for our special FREE booklet to Ladies.

BRITISH
Tailoring Company
31 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

(Under entirely British Ownership.)

On receipt of postcard, we collect FREE 10 miles from Charing Cross and deliver FREE on completion. Beyond, use parcel post and we post back FREE.

Like most people you have probably been content to accept any Boot Laces that were offered you.

And so you have experienced the annoyance of having to continually replace your laces. The next time you are buying ask for

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

These will not only give you long service, but will enhance the appearance of your boots. They keep their shape and their appearance, for the dyes are fast, and the knot will not come untied. You cannot realise what a difference there is between Paton Laces and the ordinary kind until you have tried them.

The Tags cannot come off.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gent's wear 2d. & 3d. per pair
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. 3d. "
Leather Laces do. 4d. & 6d. "

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

B58 **Wm. PATON LTD., Johnstone, Scotland.**

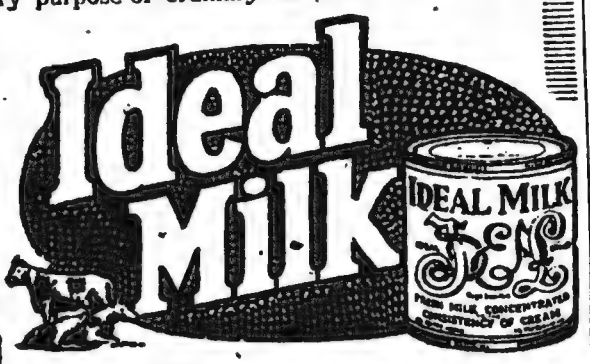
THE EVERYDAY MILK

In IDEAL MILK you have milk you can *depend upon—always*. You can depend upon it for Purity and Freshness—for the full nutriment that milk *should* yield you. Use diluted for every purpose of ordinary dairy milk; undiluted for every purpose of fresh cream except

IT WON'T WHIP.

Sold by all Grocer and Stores.

Cash price 8d. *and* 4½d. *per tin.*



You can instantly stop the pain of

RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO
CHILBLAINS
STIFFNESS
SORE THROAT

by rubbing with

SMEDLEYS PASTE

Try it. Of all chemists, 1/3 or 3/- a jar, or post free for price direct.

HIRST, BROOKE & HIRST, LTD LEEDS.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

HY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture, Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). Call or write **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Estab. 28 years.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Mention John Bull when writing.

IVELCON

A Perfect Beef-Cup for One Penny.

Made in a Moment.

No advance in Price.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 27.

IN Messrs. ADEY and Co.'s Cigar advertisement, which appeared in the January 27th JOHN BULL, their Puebla Cigars were stated to be American. This was a printer's error, and should have been Mexican. These splendid cigars are sold at 5s. per box of 25, 10s per box of 50, in three shades, Brown, Dark Brown, and Dark—carriage paid.

Any purchaser not satisfied after smoking five cigars may return the remainder and will be refunded the full cost by Messrs. Adey and Co., of 78, New Bond Street, London W.

Do you really want to cure that INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION

If you do you will send for the Dr. Young treatise and you will read it carefully, study the scientifically simple advice given on diet, exercise, and the reasons why the Dr. Young Tablet is so certain to cure. You will wonder why you have suffered so long when commonsense methods are at hand to relieve and cure constipation indigestion, flatulence, acidity, sick headaches, and all troubles connected with the bowels and stomach.

Send 6 . for a sample of Dr. Young Tablets, and the famous Dr. Young Booklet "My System" will be sent free of charge by the Dr. Young Co. (Dept. J.B. 6) Sun Buildings, Leeds.

DR. YOUNGS TABLETS

IMPORTANT. London purchasers are requested to make sure of the name H. Samuel before they enter the shop. We have no connection with any other firm of a similar name. Branches in all principal towns.

BUY DIRECT FROM H. SAMUEL

SAVE MONEY! and a postcard NOW to H. Samuel for his Big

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, &c. Amazing value and FREE PRIZE for all buyers. Typical value.

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Fine jewelled movement, fully warranted. Handsome Nickel Silver Case. 17/6

Write to-day!

H. SAMUEL, 106, Market St., Manchester.

SHAVING ECONOMY.

25 SHAVES COST 1d.

Thousands of Safety-Razor users are now making use of a plan which reduces the cost of shaving enormously.

When their razor blades become dull and begin to "Pull," they don't throw them away and buy new ones—as in the old extravagant pre war days. No, they simply pack them up and send them to be reground and re-set at the merely nominal cost of one penny per blade. They are returned to them, carriage paid, thus enabling the Safety-Razor user to obtain over 25 shaves for one penny.

This popular postal plan has been devised by The Empire Razorallties of 181a, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C., and has met with instant popularity.—[ADVT.]

Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

2d. Soups

"THE FOOD-BEVERAGE OF THE PEOPLE."

Vi-Cocoa—delicious, sustaining, invigorating.

3d. 9d. & 1/6 Packets.

Vi-Cocoa Watford

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. *Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, *according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. In all cases full names and addresses should be given.*

"CAVE CANEM" (St. Helens).—You think the Huns will *Hump Hire* us at the first opportunity? One thing we promise you; they shan't frighten us.

L. A. W. (Birmingham).—You take a jaundiced view. The rich have sacrificed life and limb as readily as the poor in this terrible conflict. Any soldier home from the Front will say the same. As for the King speaking of "My" forces, that is merely the conventional, archaic diction employed by royalty.

E. C. (Seaforth).—The fact that your gallant husband became a teetotaler when he joined the Army does not make any the less absurd Mr. Lloyd George's statement of some months back that Britain's greatest enemy is Drink. The best and greatest men are liable to let drop a foolish remark in a weak moment.

"REGULAR READER" (Boscombe).—We entirely agree with the French writer who gently chides us for not having made more use of our millions of coloured subjects in the war. There are innumerable hordes of bonny warriors in Africa who would be only too proud to fight under the British Flag.

J. B. (Barking Road, E.).—All honour to the gallant old hero of 74 who made his way through the fire and debris after the great munition explosion to rescue his horse!

M. S. (Belfast).—Yes, we might execute "reprisals" on German prisoners here. But there are British prisoners in Germany, and you can guess what the Huns would do to them.

SAPPER G.—What the laird said when securing exemption for his two sons: "Ye see I canna spare my sons, An' likewise ye ken fine, Conscription's guid for the puir man's loon, But no' for sons like mine!" Shame on him.

E. R. (Bognor).—"In what coin was France's indemnity paid to Germany in 1871?" In gold. France is now paying the Huns in their own coin.

"LONDON, S.W."—Yes, we know Lord Devonport founded a big grocery business. Therefore he knows all about his job.

J. E. (Spalding).—"Late" Prime Minister or "ex-" Prime Minister, what are the odds? Does not his "wait and see" policy entitle him to be called "late"? Go to! Thou art punctilious.

"AN INTERESTED READER" (Westhoughton).—"Hands off the people's food." Hear, hear! We hate food that's been mauled about.

MRS. G. (Nottingham).—Your "little joke" hardly suitable for "Printer's Pie," but it has hugely tickled the editorial palate. Tell us some more.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Dulwich).—No grocer should have the right to insist that 7s. worth of other goods must be purchased before he will supply 1 lb. of granulated sugar. Too many tradesmen are exploiting the exaggerated shortage of sugar in this manner.

J. H. (Stamford Hill, N.).—You mistake us. We have the highest possible admiration for the *true* Swiss, but an unutterable loathing and contempt for the many lying and spying Germans who masquerade in this country as Swiss subjects. By the way, whom *did* William Tell?

W. R. P. (Leeds).—To accept a large order for printing labels for beer bottles is the very thing we should expect an "apostle of advanced teetotalism" and advocate of total Prohibition to do. We know the breed.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."—"Germany, as a nation, was born, year 943, at Verdun, where she may end. Let the figures represent 9th day, 4th month, 3rd year of the war, and it would end on April 9th, 1917. What about it?" It was the other George Washington who could not tell a lie.

W. W. (Cardenden).—"Concert at Auchterduran realised £35 for Old Age Pensioners." Good! "Song, 'Mr. Bottomley—JOHN BULL,' was well sung and well received." Good again!

"JUSTICE" (Cumberland).—In existing circumstances, marriage is a valuable form of "national service," and the married teachers should certainly share the war bonus, but there *is* the Separation Allowance, isn't there?

J. L. (Dunbar).—Admiral Jellicoe, we believe, was born in Southampton, and Beatty in Wexford, Ireland. The main thing is, however, that they managed to get born somewhere.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."—After "five years at a good secondary school," you ought not to say that you "forsook the profession that you intended taking up to." Probably you wasted too much time on Latin.

"ADMIRING AND CRITICAL READER" (Rotherham).—We don't expect you always to agree with us. If you did, you probably wouldn't enjoy your weekly penn'orth half so much.

E. S. H. (Liverpool).—You can bet your life that what "everyone in Liverpool is talking about," is no secret to us. But we can't blab all we know.

S. W. W. (Birmingham).—Rather cruel to dismiss nine tram conductors unless they became competent drivers within two days — an impossibility. Surely the Tramways Committee did not know of this?

E. J. S. (Hornsea).—Yes, it's a queer notion to train girls for carpentering in France, when men of the trade are kicking their heels in Labour Battalions with no carpentering to do ever.

"SAPPER 324" (France).—Be a good boy and don't ask us to waste time looking up dates and figures which really don't matter. As for the Muswell Hill murder—surely the German murderers are enough for you to think about?

W. A. G. (Hammersmith).—"Is a man a fool because he is poor?" No; but many a man is poor because he's a fool.

"A WOMAN WORKER" (Leeds).—Sorry you think the working dress of some of the Hunslet munitionettes is indecent. Perhaps your figure does not show it off to advantage. But there is such a thing as padding. Judiciously disposed, the garb might win your admiration instead of ridicule.

"DIRTY DUBLIN" (Dundalk). — German nurses in Dublin military hospitals? Then may the saints look sideways on the matrons responsible for the scandal.

F. M. (Fencham).—All we can say is that bears' grease once had a great vogue as a hair pomatum, but whether it would assist people to keep their hair on in these stirring times must be decided by tonsorial authorities. Consult Mr. George R. Sims.

"SHIRKER."—"Will you please inform me how many shells have been turned out of Ebbw Vale ammunition works." Not—likely!

"JOCK" (B.E.F.).—Glad to hear our "Bullets" Competition is so popular in the trenches, and that your £5 prize came in handy.

"NORWICH."—Under the Increase of Rents Act, your rent (as it is under £26) cannot—except under certain conditions—be made more than it was in August, 1914, and any sum above the original rent which you have paid since November 25th, 1915, you are entitled to reclaim from the landlord.

M. C. (Leamington).—Drapers have no right to retain young single managers, because they are "necessary to manage the women." Guess they are competent to manage themselves.

"A BULLITE" (Essex).—"Single men get all the overtime at Shoeburyness; married men are not allowed to work an hour extra." Is it that anybody wants a sweetener?

"BOOTS."—"The Government sold last week at the White City thousands of pairs of boots at 4d. a pair, mostly to dealers, and others at 1s. 8d." The *Leather Record* will not believe it, if we tell them.

J. W. A.—"To locate a submarine: A certain part of the submarine would attract a buoy in the water. A receiving station on land would receive the communication and pass it on to the cruisers or the Mercantile Marine." What a brain yours is! But suppose the submarine didn't wait after ringing the bell?

C. E. W. (Hereford).—"Many white women married to negroes; never a white man with a negro wife. What is the psychology that explains the fact?" Will not pretend to explain; our psychology is off colour at present.

G. H. J. T. (Henley-on-Thames).—Surely only a comic fire brigade would cease work and sit down to an alfresco luncheon, leaving the fire they had come to extinguish to continue to burn. This out-Nero's Nero.

A. S. P. (Liverpool).—We duly note that Elmer E. Knowles, the Yankee flat-trap who runs the so-called National Institute of Sciences in Westminister Bridge Road, offers you £7 18s. worth of trash for 16s., and is willing to accept 4s. in advance. Even the war, it seems, cannot suppress this mischievous American trickster, whose "lay" we have repeatedly exposed.

A. J. (Lockerbie).—We still maintain that the brewer "not only brews beer but produces milk," and we are surprised that you should place such a naughty construction on our harmless words.

J. H. (Camberwell).—So you think "wood shavings packed in tight" would protect ships from shells. Think again. No need to tell us you are "not a navy man."

A. H. (New Brighton).—You must be very credulous if you think St. Winifred's Well has dried up in answer to the prayers of a lady whose freehold grave has, she considers, been stolen from her. If her prayers are so powerful, she might switch them on to something to help us to end the war.

R. J. (Near Cardiff).—By your little boy, aged 7:—"The Kiszer is a very wickid man becos he made the war. The ostridge went on Germany side and wen they chase the ostridge he hid his wikid hed." Sound truth, mixed with natural history.

W. F. S. (Gosport).—"German prisoners said to be walking about without supervision may be wounded naval men, the hospital dress being similar." It is your suggestion—we decline responsibility!

S. P. N. (Wellingborough). — Advert. for married couple as caretakers of 48 flats involves cleaning about 192 windows and 100 rooms. To add, "only those willing to work need apply" was certainly superfluous.

G. F. (Godalming).—Thanks for your inspired verse, commencing "The JOHN BULL Pen is good for men." But it's good also for women—as well as children. Send us some more, on large paper with blank flyleaves.

A. P. (Morganstown).—This soldier's wife does not want furs or a piano, but she would like that "Recruiting Officer" to tell her how to buy boots for her children out of her allowance.

H. S. S. (Notts and Derby).—Don't worry about the Rev. Howard James. Having no ideas of his own, he confessed when challenged that he quoted those of some other person—equally negligible.

W. A. (Rochdale).—You can protect the "small domestic article" you have invented only through the Patent Office. What is it—a silencer for creaking beds, or anything of that sort?

"CALEDONIA" (Glasgow).—We do not think too "stiff" a sentence could be passed on a railway guard who has the despicable meanness to steal from soldiers' packages. Running a disorderly house is, in our opinion, a venial offence in comparison.

H. J. (Brighton) wants to know "if there is more value in an 1864 penny than an ordinary one." But an 1864 penny *is* an "ordinary" one.

"COUGH DROP."—So you think *In "Veno" veritas* an improvement upon our recent reference to the cough cure—"*Veno, vidi, vici.*" Quite a brilliant flash on your part.

"BASE DESERTION."—We have had great pleasure in forwarding to Mrs. Davies, the poor woman whose case we described under this heading, numerous offers of assistance, as well as the following cash gifts:—"Inasmuch," 5s.; "Submarine," 5s.; E. O. B., 2s. 6d.; L. A. O., £1; "A Happy Young Couple," 2s. 6d.; "Such Bishops Despiser," 2s. 6d.; "An Old Londoner," 5s.; "Tommy's Wife," 2s. 6d.; C. C. M. S., 5s.

"GORTON" (Manchester).—A Manchester man, and you haven't gumption enough to know that a letter addressed to the Right Hon. J. Hodge, M.P., at the House of Commons, would reach him! What's the matter—bats in your belfry?

W. C. E. (Croydon).—We note that the *Observer* credited Lady Clancarty with the birth of a son, and the *Sunday Pictorial* announced that her ladyship had become the mother of a daughter. Perhaps the explanation of the discrepancy is twins.

G. F. (Tottenham).—"God only knows the money is small enough." But, evidently, you know it, too.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Ward off Overstrain

Enfeeblement of nervous energy is produced by overstrain rendering the sufferer incapable of sustained effort during the day and sleepless at night. The digestive process is usually impaired and the stomach resents solid food.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is a thoroughly dependable nourishment. It is acceptable to the most fastidious, restores disordered digestion and completely nourishes the body.

Make a practice of taking a cup of the 'Allenburys' DIET last thing at night before retiring; you will find that it soothes the nerves, and ensures refreshing sleep and digestive rest.

The Food that Sustains.

The 'Allenburys' DIET

For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In Tins at 1/6, 3/- & 6/- of Chemists.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION can be learned in 3 days. Only 6 rules. Send stamp for first lesson in this, the simplest and highest speed system to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE Room J) KEGNESS. London, 92 & 93 Great Russell St. W.C.

FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

5,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES WAITING TO BE WON!

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

☛ **A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 22nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(226) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 226, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 22nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(226) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 22nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(226) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 227. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 1st.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **227** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 227,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 227.

SPRING OFFENSIVE	PACKING UP	PLEASANT COMPANY	DEFYING THE DUTCH
AMERICAN DOLLARS	WORK FOR WOMEN	BIG FROST	RAISING FOOD
BEGINNING TO REALISE	MARRIED MEN	MATRIMONY	SILENT PRESSURE
COSTLY MISTAKE	WICKED WASTE	MOST NEEDFUL	CANTEEN CHARGES
FATHER'S SUNDAY	MOST EXCITING WHEN	IMPUDENT PROPOSAL	STAGGERS THE KAISER

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 226.

IN AMERICA
READY FOR WAR
MONEY MATTERS
HELPING THE WAR LOAN
NATIONAL SERVICE
GERMANY'S U BOATS
DEFYING THE WORLD
TEETOTAL MEASURES
DOING HIS BIT
FOOD RATIONS
ACTS OF PARLIAMENT
MOST CURIOUS
REAL FAVOURITE
WHEN WOMAN'S WANTED
STAGE FRIGHT
NO CATCH
EATING TOO MUCH
STUNNING GIRL
MOST PROVOKING
PROUD TO FIGHT
FALSE ALARM
REQUIRES CAPITAL
WHAT FARMERS NEED
OLD WORRY
POOR JOKE
LITTLE FLAT
HARD TO BEAR
TAXING FATHER
LOOKS BAD
WHEN KAISER'S BEATEN

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—
Example:—
LOOKS BAD.
Bullet:—
WHEN BOSS ARRIVES EARLY.

Example:—
HARD TO BEAR.
Bullet:—
TOMMY'S KIT SOMETIMES.

Example:—
IN AMERICA.
Bullet:—
DOLLARS COUNT.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 10th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated February 17th.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor and Artistes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 223rd BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. GEO. E. AUSTIN,
51 Peckham Rye, Peckham, London, S.E.

Example:—THE SOBER TRUTH.
Bullet:—GERMANY'S "GIVING OUT" GRADUALLY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mr. CHARLES BRAGNETT,
Avondale Park Road, West Hartlepool.

Example:—WON'T DO.
Bullet:—WHEN SHELLS "FALL SHORT."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mrs. L. WALTERS, 9, Crown Street, Shirley, Southampton.

Example:—MONEY TALKS.
Bullet:—WHEN "MAN'S IN POSSESSION."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. STEPHENS, 21, Windsor Rd., Newport, Mon.:
SEEING THE TANKS—THEY "TURN OUT" WELL.

Mr. C. G. WHITE, Bonnie Brae, Ash, Aldershot:
A BAD RECORD—RUNNING "AFTER" TROUBLE.

Mr. F. PATTERSON, 15, Roath Court Road, Cardiff:
WHAT LLOYD GEORGE THINKS—SUCCESS IS "HARDLY" WON.

Mr. G. STEVENS, 15, Burnt Ash Rd., Lee Green, S.E.:
TAXI DRIVERS — EVIDENTLY "FINE PAYING" PROFESSION.

Capt. M. PLUMMER, C.F.C.C., Moore Becks, Shorncliffe:
MEANS TO WIN—PICK MEN—NOT QUARRELS.

Mr. F. S. DAVIES, c.o. 40, Roath Court Rd., Cardiff:
WON'T DO—"OVERLOOKING" THINGS IN TRENCHES.

Mr. THOS. K. HOUSDEN, P.O. Telegraphs, Liverpool:
FOUND OUT TOO LATE—MANY WHO ARE "INCAPABLE." (Sent on free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. G. UNWIN, 82, Hainton Avenue, Grimsby.
WHAT LLOYD GEORGE THINKS—GOOD MEN ARE "SHORT."

Mr. C. DRUMMOND, Garranard, Strandtown, Belfast:
BRINGING WAR HOME—LESS "HUNTING" MORE "CROPS."

Miss ADA PENWARDEN, 10, Brandige Park, Okehampton:
PRETTY BUSY—"PARTING" BEFORE WEDDING.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Lieut. W. W SMITH, M.C. K.S.L.I., Busa Camp, Pembroke Dock:
THE KAISER'S CURSE—CLEAN PLATE—NOT SLATE.

Mr. R. BEAZLEY, 2, Gasteln Rd., Willesden London. N.W.:
MEANS TO WIN—OPEN PURSE—CLOSED FIST.

Mr. J. HINDS, 256, Gt. Homer Street, Liverpool:
MONEY TALKS—FARMERS HOLD THEIR "EARS."

Mr. W. HAWTHORN. JUNR., 7, Sea View Terrace, Roggiett, near Newport, Mon.:
WON'T DO—'GIVING AWAY" TOO MUCH.

Mr. G. H. HAZLEGROVE, 14, Alverstone Avenue, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.:
MEANS TO WIN—NO PROHIBITIONIST SIGNS TWICE.

Mr. J. MARTIN, 94, Tate's Avenue, Belfast, Ireland:
PRETTY BUSY—TONGUES WHEN "HANDS" AREN'T.

Mr. W HOLLAND, Manager, Pav de Luxe, Shipley, Yorks:
SEEING THE TANKS—"WORTH GUINEA A BOX."

Mr. M E. WISE, 34, High Street, Brecon, S. Wales:
RAISING A LOAN—"RUN" FOR OUR MONEY.

Bomdr. R. M. MORTON, c.o. 58, Peter Rd., Walton, Liverp'l:
FOUND OUT TOO LATE—WHY PREVIOUS TENANTS LEFT.

Mr. R. F. HUTCHESON, Murano Works, Albert Street, Edinburgh:
BRINGING WAR HOME—RATIONS WILL, ORATIONS WON'T.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

ANDREW FERRIS DOUGLAS, 4, Greenbank Street, Southergien, Glasgow. January 13th. 607,981.

WALTER GREEN Chapel Street, Stonebroom. January 13th. A472,708.

Mrs. B. DAVIS. 26. Heygate Street, Walworth, S.E. January 13th. 295,416.

JAMES DALGLEISH, 2, Roseberry Street, Abertillery, Mon. January 20th. 167,992.

ROBERT LUNN, 1, Kipling Terrace, Milfort Avenue, Dunmurry. January 27th. 052,772.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 10th:—

003,691	298,106	591,376	898,643	A263,644
027,859	313,553	636,207	921,120	A270,304
052,475	346,695	648,349	956,582	A309,704
091,003	398,333	675,570	990,144	A354,881
107,506	439,268	694,624	A022,285	A410,162
125,179	451,517	759,542	A083,100	A458,669
163,568	473,420	787,773	A142,946	A473,247
238,457	480,152	800,238	A163,782	A528,427
277,711	526,071	832,402	A195,228	A569,042
284,334	567,840	892,899	A230,007	A578,123

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Feb. 21st).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for February 10, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 748,460 and A037,428 Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, February 22nd.**

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(226) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed

Address

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Feb. 17th, 1917 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
Newsagent, of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

Feb. 17th, 1917.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

O, here we are again with the same old cheery smile,
Hobnobbing with the Maories in their native domicile.
Our friend the chieftain gaily dressed,
With graceful dignity confessed,
He'd like to smoke our famous Chairman Juniors all the while.

A good cigarette appeals to most men wherever they may be. In the chilly north, the bright and burning tropics, or the soft and sunny south. That is why Chairman Juniors are so much in demand among smokers of all climes. They are always a pleasing smoke, cool to the tongue, and with a definite and likeable flavour, but without bite or any irritating quality. In fact, there are few, if any, better cigarettes for everyday smoking, and they are always alike, standard in quality, make, and price. They are sold by tobacconists and at canteens everywhere at

3d. for 10.

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL LTD.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.